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CHANTREY'S STATUE OF WASHINGTON, NOW IN THE STATE HOUSE AT BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS.

CHANTREY'S WASHINGTON.

As the 22d of February once more recurs, we take pleasure in recalling the character of Washington to our readers by publishing on the preceding page the famous statue of the Great Man by Chantrey.

The statue was ordered by the State of Massachusetts, and executed by F. Chantrey, an English sculptor, at a cost of $15,000. It stands in a vestibule erected to receive it on the first floor of the State House, in Boston. It is colossal, standing nearly eight feet high, and represents the Chief wrapped in the folds of his military cloak in the act of stepping from his tent. As an effort to render the figure of a modern military chieftain classical without clothing it in the antique costume, it must be pronounced a perfect success. The likeness was taken from Stuart's painting, and conveys to the mind an impression of Washington as the Pater Patriæ rather than as the Commander-in-chief or President. Indeed the scroll in the right hand, in connection with the cloak wrapped about the figure, seems to indicate the intention on the part of the artist to embody all his attributes of Statesman, Warrior, and Sage. As a specimen of workmanship it is undoubtedly the first in this country.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1861.

THE SUGAR QUESTION.

THE secession of Louisiana and the recent distress in the sugar trade at Havana and New York are naturally leading to some speculation with regard to the future of the sugar trade.

It has been assumed that the civilized world consume each year about 1,600,000 tons of sugar—which are derived mainly from the West Indies, the Southern States of this Union, the Mauritius, British India, and Brazil. Over one-third of the total amount comes from the West Indies. One-fifth of the total amount is derived from Asia and the islands adjacent. Another fifth—which includes sorghum and maple sugar—is obtained from the United States. One-eighth of the total amount consists of beet-root sugar, raised in France, Germany, Belgium, etc. These figures, it need hardly be observed, claim to be nothing more than a rough average. Nothing is more fluctuating than the sugar crop, especially in our Southern States. In 1853, Louisiana produced 495,156,000 pounds of sugar; in 1856, only 81,373,000; in 1860, about 275,000,000 pounds. But as an average, the above proportion is believed to be generally accurate.

The consumption of sugar is distributed very differently from its production. France produces more sugar than it consumes, though it is a large importer of tropical sugars. The United States consume nearly one-third more sugar than they produce. Assuming 1,600,000 tons to be the annual consumption of the civilized world, the following table will convey a rough idea of the relative consumption and production of certain leading countries:

DISTRIBUTION OF 1,600,000 TONS OF SUGAR PRODUCED AND CONSUMED ANNUALLY IN THE CIVILIZED WORLD.

	Consumption.	Production.
The United States	450,000	350,000
Great Britain	420,000	None
France	165,000	175,000
The West Indies	15,000	620,000
The East Indies	12,000	325,000
Brazil	10,000	100,000
Continental Europe	465,000	25,000
Other countries	63,000	5,000
	1,600,000	1,600,000

Nothing is more fluctuating than the production of sugar, except its consumption. No trade feels the approach of hard times so quickly as the sugar trade. It is the first thing the poor man deprives himself of, when in distress. Sugar is the basis of thousands of luxuries which the rich cease to consume when they are embarrassed in business. In an early number of this journal we showed, from the trade returns, that the people of the United States, during the troubles of 1857, were reducing their consumption of sugar. The reports of the sugar trade indicate the same thing now. Sugar is now selling at a lower price than during the hardest times of November and December last. Our average consumption, which is set down by statists at 40 pounds per head per annum, is not larger than 25 pounds per head at present.

Under the present tariff, which was enacted in 1857, foreign sugar pays a duty of 24 per cent. in this country. The Louisiana planters have always stated that without this duty they could not grow sugar profitably. It is now proposed to reduce the duty say to twelve per cent. Should this be done, and should the cultivation of sugar in Louisiana be abandoned for the cultivation of cotton, the annual product of the cane, in the civilized world, will be diminished by one-sixteenth. Whether this will produce any effect on the price remains to be seen.

The world contains sugar-producing countries which have never been considered in the reports of political economists. China is a very large producer of sugar, though thus far it has exported but little. It is possible that the changes which recent events are producing in the commercial relations between China and Europe and America may lead to an exportation of Chinese sugar.

THE NEW LOAN.

THE Secretary of the Treasury has called for a new loan of $8,000,000, under the act passed on 8th inst. The money is required to pay soldiers, sailors, and others whose claims on the Government have accumulated to this large amount, and have been left unpaid for some time. The bonds are to be sixes, and are to run twenty years. It is not supposed that the negotiation will be an advantageous one for the Government. It was proposed to obtain for the bonds the indorsement of the States of New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Massachusetts; and, thus fortified, it is supposed that they might have commanded par. This proposal was defeated, however, by the objections of Mr. Garnett, of Virginia; and the loan now stands upon its own merits.

OUR ARMY AND NAVY.

EUROPE is laughing pretty heartily at our army and navy arrangements in this country. They say that the late Lord Ellesmere, who proclaimed that the United States was the most warlike nation in the world, must have been a wag. Of late, it must be admitted, these departments of our Government have not shone to advantage.

Of our army, which numbers nearly 15,000 effective men, not 1000 could be rallied by the Lieutenant-General commanding for the defense of Washington. There are not 80 at Fort Sumter, and less than 70 at Fort Pickens. Then, the side-arms of our troops are far from being equal to those of European soldiers. With all the bravery in the world, an American regiment could not stand against an English or a French regiment, simply because the latter are so much better armed. This inferiority arises chiefly from the operation of the law of Congress forbidding the War Department to purchase "patented" weapons. It has been asserted by some journals that this law, which was introduced by Ex-Senator Jefferson Davis, was part of a conspiracy to enfeeble the United States army. This is a mistake. Senator Davis introduced the measure to head off a knavish scheme for the purchase by Government of a quantity of arms patented by the friend of a high official. Its passage almost led to a duel between him and the high official whom it checkmated. But whatever the motive of the Act was, its effect is to deprive our army of the effective weapons of modern warfare, and it should be amended so as enable the new Secretary of War to supply these weapons to the troops.

Again, as to our Navy. Whether any blame may legitimately be imputed to the venerable Mr. Toucey, whose sands of political life have so nearly run out, we can not say; but certain it is that about one half the vessels in the navy are unfit for service, and quite a number of others are airing their sails in a sublimely useless manner on the coast of China.

Other nations are availing themselves of the discoveries of modern science to improve their navy. England and France have both been building scores of gun-boats, propelled by steam, drawing six to eight feet water, and carrying one, two, and three heavy guns. France has built a frigate, cased in iron, which no cannon-ball can damage, and has ordered ten more on the same model. England has built another iron-cased frigate, as invulnerable as *La Gloire*, and a swifter ship; she, too, is about to build more such craft. Meanwhile the Government of the United States does not seem to conceive that naval science has made any progress in the past ten years. No one has even proposed the construction of an iron-cased ship here.

MOTLEY'S GREAT HISTORY IN LIBRARIES.

THE New York Mercantile Library Association have purchased *two hundred and fifty copies* of MOTLEY'S HISTORY OF THE UNITED NETHERLANDS for their subscribers. And the Brooklyn Mercantile Library Association have taken ten copies of the same work. These are, so far as we are aware, the first instances of similar purchases by any circulating library in this country. They indicate equal enterprise and sagacity on the part of our Mercantile Library Associations.

In England circulating libraries frequently purchase five hundred copies of a popular book. Mudie, the proprietor of the leading circulating library in London, takes fifteen hundred copies of Mr. MOTLEY'S HISTORY. A fewer number would not have answered his purpose. He has several thousand subscribers at a guinea a piece. For their guinea (say $5 12) these persons read every thing that is worth reading in the book literature of the day: more good books than a score of guineas would procure for them if expended annually in the purchase of books. But in order to retain these subscribers, Mudie must have a large number of copies of each popular work, so that each may have a chance of getting it for his week or fortnight. Hence the wholesale purchases above mentioned.

Our mercantile and circulating libraries in this country have generally been content, hitherto, with purchasing two or three copies of a popular work. Hence their subscribers, after vainly waiting to get it from the library, have been compelled either to purchase it for themselves, or to do without it altogether. It is probable that the arrangement has been beneficial to publishers, who have thus sold more books to the public directly than they would otherwise have done. But it has manifestly been an injury to circulating libraries, and is doubtless the chief cause of the embarrassment in which so many of them are chronically placed.

The New York and Brooklyn Mercantile Libraries have initiated the new plan in this country: let us watch how it succeeds.

☞ WE have to thank Hon. JOHN COCHRANE, M.C., for public documents.

THE LOUNGER.

THE WISEST, BRIGHTEST, —— OF MANKIND.

MR. HEPWORTH DIXON'S Personal History of Lord Bacon is a brilliant and fascinating book—an impassioned plea for a new trial—a masterly motion to carry the great case of the World against Verulam before the final Court of Appeals, the slow justice of mankind. That such a lyrical burst of enthusiasm should spring from recondite researches among the state papers of England shows how profound the conviction of the author is, and how his ardor not only survives research, but is fed by it until it kindles the reader—until the least you can say is, if Hepworth Dixon is not right, Hepworth Dixon ought to be right. He is a true knight putting his lance in rest for the rescue of injured fames, and tilting valiantly with the most ancient and reverend prejudices.

The name of Bacon has so long pointed the morals of misanthropes, and adorned the tales of skeptics—it has been so doubly damned by the eloquence of Macaulay and the weight of Lord Campbell—that this plea for the reversion of attainder at first attracts by its novelty, and at last commands by its ability. It is peculiarly timely also, for it appears during the publication of what will doubtless be the final and standard edition of his works, edited by James Spedding, and reproduced in this country in the most fit and satisfactory form. And the effort establishes a doubt and necessary stay of judgment. Hepworth Dixon, as junior counsel, makes this fervid opening argument, and James Spedding, with due gravity and elaboration, will close the case.

The book teems with rapid, vivid glimpses of the most famous men and events of the most famous period of English history. It is not a complete and continuous biography, but a presentation of the new facts, and the new lights upon old facts, which patient and later study has developed. It proves quite clearly in how many points Bacon has been misrepresented; corrects the popular estimate of his relations with many conspicuous persons; and establishes that, in the ordinary sense of the term, he was not a corrupt man. Of seven thousand judgments made by him as Lord Chancellor, not a hundred were set aside.

Yet despite the glowing eloquence and, so far, the great success of his advocate, Bacon remains still cold, remote, statuesque; a man of imperial intellect, but not genial, not a hero of the heart. It is perhaps the hard condition of a strictly intellectual habit. A great and wise reformer, a sagacious philosopher, of pure morals, of elegant manners—all this he evidently was, but also a conformist, and a man to devise rather than to do. Thus, in the case of Peachum, who was put to the rack, the presence of Bacon at the torture has been often quoted as proof of his coldness and cruelty. Mr. Dixon flies to the defense. What would you have? he says. It was no more seriously doubted in Bacon's day that truth should be extorted by the torture than it is in ours that murderers should be hung. A hundred years hence, he argues, it may be thought as monstrous that people were hung as we now think it that they were tortured. Every man must be measured by his time.

Ah no, Mr. Dixon; there is the slip. Not "every man." If every man were to continue to approve and countenance hanging how could the next century possibly come to think it monstrous? It is only by some man's having a conviction that it is wrong, and talking and acting upon that conviction, that public opinion will ever be changed. But Bacon must have attended, says his advocate, or have resigned his office. Very likely; but what then? The truth is, that there is no need of the argument. On this particular point Bacon was just like the other men of his time—neither better nor worse. The argument doesn't help him. In Scotland a hundred and more years ago teachers of youth used to secure convenient windows at public executions for the entertainment and instruction of their pupils. Tender-hearted pupils would have staid away, and as they became men would have perhaps reasoned out a reform. Those who were not especially tender-hearted would have accepted the universal habit, and have thought of it no more. They could not be reproached with peculiar cruelty, but that is all.

Bacon was intellectual and politically ambitious. He loved power and place. He saw serenely the public welfare, and steadily pursued it. But he was a political philosopher, by Mr. Dixon's own showing, rather than a great statesman. He served a little and mean master, and was politically ruined by little and mean men. Let it be enough, as we close this bright and fiery book, that he was not little and mean himself.

BREAKING UP.

IT was very clear that the river might break up at any moment; for although, on Thursday night, at Albany, the mercury marked twenty-nine degrees below zero, Monday morning broke soft and warm, and a penetrating rain fell all night. Tuesday followed with the same sunshine. Open windows were pleasant, and in country roads the mud was deep and direful. So when the up-train left the city at half past three, it was doubtful when, and where, and how it might arrive.

The river scenery was never lovelier. The dark purple masses of the Highlands stood against the yellow west, and were reflected in the gleaming, watery surface of the rolling ice in the river. You could not but think, leaning your head against the window, and looking across, that the right bank of the river is very far away, and suffers a kind of paralysis, akin to that of the left side of the body. Because, suppose you are in Athens (upon the Hudson), or Kingston, or Coxsackie, and are very anxious to reach New York at once—and as you hasten to the shore—the river is breaking up! You can not go by land, for it is all mud. You can not go by water, for the ice is running. You can not go at all. And to-night it seemed as if at any moment it might begin to run.

At length the train reached Poughkeepsie. What a capital oyster-bed there is at Poughkeepsie! (The poet and painter, C. P. C., for many years in Paris, used to insist that nowhere was there so much steam-puffing as in this place, and that the name of the town was merely an ingenious inversion of *Keeps-a-puffing!*) Five minutes only were allowed for oysters by the autocratic brakeman, who called them "refreshments." But when we had all gulped our oysters, and scalded our mouths with hot tea (how *very* hot it always is at these station-rooms, where you expect every moment that sudden shriek of the agonized bell!), and when we had rushed out to ascertain if our train was still standing upon the track, the five minutes passed, and then six times five, and every body was thinking, *first*, how comfortably and at length he might have taken his tea; and, *second*, why are we stopping? The engine fizzed—the passengers sat dumbly. One occasionally arose and went out, banging the door. Another put up his window. Another nestled nervously in his seat. Another said, aloud—to nobody in particular, and as if every body would be interested in so novel a suggestion—"I wonder what we're stopping for!" The universal stolidity of indifference to this exclamation evidently made the speaker nervous, so he threw up his window, and putting his head out, shouted to some imaginary functionary, "What's the matter?" Nobody answered, but the engine fizzed with a dull monotony that suggested profound sleep.

Ha! ding, ding, ding! Now we're off! Every body shakes a little and looks happier. The train moves—Laus Deo! We shall not sleep upon the road, nor be compelled to hear much longer the filthy talk of the two semi-drunken lawyers in the car, who drowsily drivel indecency. We move cautiously through the gap, and just pass the bridge over the wild stream that jumps down the rocks, flashing in the light of the new moon that's "blinkin' in the lift sae hie." But we stop again and recede, and for a long hour yet remain upon the track, until the express from New York at five o'clock overtakes us. Then we hear that a bridge has been carried away at Stockport, above Hudson, for the river is evidently about breaking up. Uniting the trains we go on, through the stars and over the dull gleam of the soft ice, to Hudson. There we diverge, and pass over the Hudson and Berkshire road to Chatham, and reach East Albany at one o'clock, instead of half past eight. Some of us push on to Troy; the most cross at Albany. The next morning breaks soft and sunny. Passengers cross from Albany to the eastern shore; and in fifteen minutes from that time the ice is moving—the river is breaking up.

In Troy the streets that open upon the river are full of people watching, and wondering how high the water will rise, and what the water will do. The stream is a torrent of broken, rolling ice, slipping swiftly and smoothly along. If all is clear below, all will be right. But if the water and the ice should be set back, there will be a terrible destruction of property. So sudden, so almost instantaneous is the breaking up of the river. Yesterday trusted like the earth; to-day as treacherous as the air. Yet every year, of all the thousands who use the frozen river as a turnpike, scarcely a life is lost in the sudden breaking up.

THE HEIR AT LAW.

THE Bonaparte case now upon trial in Paris (you must not suppose that this means the empire of Louis Napoleon) is one in which we are all interested as Americans, for an American woman is a party to the suit. The first Madame Jerome Bonaparte, Miss Patterson, of Baltimore, and her son, Mr. Jerome Bonaparte, of the same city, claim their share of the property of the late husband and father, the old Prince Jerome. The point of the case is, that if their claim is sustained the second marriage and its issue are vitiated, and those ornaments of human society, the Princess Mathilde, Madame Demidoff, and the Prince Napoleon, son-in-law of Victor Emanuel, are themselves placed in the doubtful position which they have hitherto assigned to the Baltimore Bonapartes.

On the 24th of December, 1803, Jerome Bonaparte, brother of the First Consul of France, was married by the Roman Catholic Bishop of Baltimore to Elizabeth Patterson, in the presence of witnesses and according to law. News of the interesting event was sent to France; but nobody was sufficiently interested to protest, and the year 1804 passed without complaint from any side. But when the First Consul expanded into the Emperor he was determined to have no foreign plebeian taint in the imperial blood, and he compelled his mother to declare that her consent had not been asked, while he wrote brother Jerome that he would allow Miss Patterson twelve thousand dollars a year on condition that she should not adopt the imperial family name. The august monarch wrote, at the same time, in the same way, to his brother

Lucien, who had also tainted the blood imperial by marrying a woman he loved. Brother Lucien replied that he had a great regard for brother Napoleon, but he would rather kill his family with his own hand than stoop to the infamy of dishonoring his wife and disinheriting his children—and he never did.

Brother Jerome appears to have sent no reply to Napoleon; but having crossed the sea and sent his wife to Holland, wrote affectionate letters to her; while she, passing over to England, gave birth there, in July, 1805, to the present Mr. Bonaparte, of Baltimore. She remained in England until the November of that year, still getting the pleasant letters from her husband; and in November she returned with her son to the United States. Meanwhile the Emperor had asked Pope Pius Seventh to annul the marriage, which his Holiness forcibly refused to do.

But meanwhile, also, the Elector of Wurtemburg had become King of Wurtemburg, by the treaty of Presburg, and his daughter, the Princess Royal, was a desirable bride for Napoleon's brother Jerome. So, on the 1st of June, the Archbishop of Paris did what the Pope had refused to do, and annulled the Baltimore marriage. On the 16th of July Jerome wrote a few complimentary lines—only four or five—to his young wife, hinting nothing of the future, but cold and commonplace. It was the last letter he wrote to her; and on the 12th of August, in the next year, Brother Jerome married the Wurtemburg Princess, and in the following December was proclaimed King of Westphalia. In May, 1808, the King sent to Baltimore for his son, and wrote to his wife that he should never forget the tender ties, etc., etc.; but Madame Bonaparte refused to surrender her child. The King wrote again in November, offering to make her a princess, and "our son" a prince, if she would come and live near him and his new wife. With womanly honor Madame Bonaparte refused to answer his insults. In February, 1812, King Jerome tried it again, and his wife answered him, in January, 1813, by obtaining a divorce by act of the Maryland Legislature, "reserving her own rights, and those of her son."

In 1819 Madame Bonaparte went to Europe, and was received by the family as one of them. Joseph proposed his daughter as a bride for her son; and the relations between all the members of the Bonaparte house recognized Jerome of Baltimore as the son of his father; and when Mr. Bonaparte went to Paris, in 1854, the Emperor presented him with a paper of state declaring that "M. Jerome Bonaparte is to be considered in France as legitimate." But the Wurtemburg branch were alarmed, and the next year prayed that the Baltimore Bonapartes should "exercise no rights which belong to the legitimate issue," and should therefore drop the family name. The "Family Council" decreed that they should bear the name, but have no rights of succession. At the same time honors were offered to the son of Mr. Bonaparte, of Baltimore, as "M. Bonaparte Patterson." He declined them; and his father wrote a most manly letter to the Emperor. "As I was legitimately born," he says, "and as I have always been acknowledged as such by my family, by the laws of all countries, and by the whole world, it would be the extreme of baseness and dishonor on my part to accept a *brevet of bastardy.*"

The peculiar importance of this case is that the Prince Napoleon is the heir-apparent after the Prince Imperial. But if his father's first marriage was legal, and the issue therefore legitimate, Mr. Bonaparte, of Baltimore, is at least the elder brother; and if the legitimate elder brother, then the next heir after the young Prince.

INEBRIATE ASYLUM.

THERE is no evil in society, however ineradicable it may seem, that will not gradually yield to greater knowledge—as there is no night so long and dark but it will at last melt in the sunrise. The golden age still glitters upon the horizon, but it is that of the future, not of the past; and "the good old times" is a phrase which describes the condition we are approaching rather than that we have left behind. One by one every bodily infirmity engages the genius of science, and the laws of life being more thoroughly mastered, science suggests a remedy or an alleviation. The mad and the idiotic are not, as of old, cast out of human sympathy and tender care; and at last the drunkard is not hopelessly abandoned to destruction.

Crime is held by certain speculative philosophers to be a moral disease; and drunkenness is now considered by many wise men to be likewise a disease, both physical and moral, and they propose that it shall be so treated. Even if it be only an infirmity of the will, they ask, can not we treat that infirmity? They think that they can, and the State Inebriate Asylum has been constituted. The trustees are, and have for some time been, actively engaged in the work, and without any compensation. They are erecting a building, which is already completed to the fourth story, and they intend to open it for patients in the autumn. It will accommodate four hundred, and already there have been nearly 4500 applications received from every State in the Union, and every county in the State. The funds have been collected in every part of the State in subscriptions of ten dollars, and the trustees have thus far worked without any compensation. They now propose to ask assistance from the Legislature.

And why not? What citizen would not, in every wise way, try to prevent crime, as well as insist upon its punishment? We can not prevent a man's getting drunk; but if we find that we can conquer the wish to get drunk, is not that worth trying for? And would not the institution, which made the effort, be as proud a monument of the humanity and liberality of the State as any other?

In Dean Ramsay's lately published "Reminiscences of Scottish Life and Character," there are some curious anecdotes and details of the hard drinking of Scotland a century ago. Drunkenness was regarded as a manly thing. One "accomplished and worthy gentlewoman" took pains to cultivate the habit of drinking in her sons, holding that all young men should be accustomed "to carry liquor discreetly;" and her son, the young laird, was obliged to drink daily a certain quantity of wine, whether he liked it or not. So in Ireland, fathers used to tell their sons "to make their head while they were young." As an illustration of the organized and thoughtful bestiality of this universal habit of drunkenness, the Dean tells a story of Mackenzie, the "Man of Feeling."

The worthy gentleman was caught at a drinking party, and there was no escape. One by one his companions fell from his side, and dropped under the table dead-drunk. At length, to save himself, he dropped too, and while he lay under the table, waiting for morning, he felt a pair of small hands working at his throat. "What's this?" cried Mackenzie. "Sir," was the reply, "I'm the lad that's to lowse the neckcloths." In that hospitable house they provided against apoplexy or suffocation!

In the hospitable house of the State Asylum provision will be made against drunkenness itself.

ASSAULTS UPON THE LANGUAGE.

As you go up the Bowery in the cars, or, strolling upon the sidewalk, you have before you, in full view, the Cooper Institute, one of our noblest public works. The building itself, if not very beautiful or satisfactory, is yet massive and imposing. It stands just above the parting of the Bowery into the Third and Fourth Avenues, and a little triangular plot of inclosed ground marks the very point of the separation. Opposite, upon the Third Avenue, is the new market and armory of the Seventh Regiment; so that the old hay-market space has become one of the handsome bits of the city.

But as you approach the stately Institute, you become aware of some sign upon the front that excites your curiosity. Is it a brief inscription of dedication? Is it an explanatory note of the purpose of the building? No—evidently not. We are near enough now. We can read it distinctly: "Free Reading Room for Males and Females."

Male and female what? Why is not the sign completed? Do you think that it means men and women? But why? Women are females, but so are cows. Men are males, certainly, but so are donkeys. Do you say that it means, of course, reading males and females, and that donkeys don't read? Not too fast. Did you never see —— with a book in his hand at the Society Library, and, at least apparently, reading? Besides, are there no learned pigs—no dogs that know the alphabet? Again, if men and women are meant, why not say so? Isn't man as good a word to describe a *homo* as male? Male is a distinction of sex common to all animals, those that don't read as well as those that do. Man is a word that describes the reading male. Imagine Mr. Everett beginning an oration. He rises with dignity. He looks round upon the throng of intelligent men and women before him. He begins: "Females and males."

Let us have the right words in the right places. The room at the Cooper Institute is doubtless for the use of men and women. Then why not say so?

There is a similar and amusing circumlocution in using the word "gentlemen." A sign on a steamer says: *Gentlemen are requested not to spit upon the cushions!* You might as well put up a request, *Gentlemen are respectfully desired not to pick each other's pockets.*

Then what is the matter with the word *officer*, that it should be supplanted by that vilest of all vulgarisms, *official?* We used to think that the President of the United States was the chief executive *officer* of the Government; but now he is an *official.* A Collector is an *official.* A Postmaster is another *official.* What has become of the *officers?* Have they all gone off with men and women, leaving the world to males, females, and officials?

DOGBERRY-ING.

LOUNGING about the world, you may hear a great deal said about tolerating other people's views. In this country, however, such an expression has rightfully no meaning at all; for it implies that some people or some party have rights which other people and parties have not. Louis Napoleon may properly be said to tolerate freedom of the press, because, by the theory of his government, he is the final judge of what is best. But with us there is no final judge. The Episcopalians, for instance, in this country, no more "tolerate" the Quakers than the Universalists tolerate the Methodists. Every man has a final and absolute right, conceded by the theory of the government, to think as he pleases upon religious subjects. It is precisely so in politics. All the parties have the same rights. One party doesn't tolerate another, as a man who wears a green coat doesn't "tolerate" his neighbor's wearing a brown.

Our government is a government of *opinion;* and every individual citizen holds his opinion of *right*, and not of toleration. And as opinion can be legitimately affected only by free thought and free discussion, they are the two fundamental points of our whole system; and the man who talks about suffering another man to express his opinions is a despot in his heart, and—unconsciously, perhaps, but none the less certainly—a traitor to the spirit of the government.

Give a sick man plenty of air, and give a sick government plenty of free discussion. As Mr. Brady justly said, in his curious and amusing speech at the Cooper Institute, the other evening, half of the difficulty that besets us has arisen from attempted interference with the right of every citizen to think and say what he chooses. A certain New England mayor lately laid down the remarkable doctrine that, if you undertake to express opinions which a mob doesn't like or choose to hear, you do it at your peril. The mayor, probably, did not know that he was made mayor to protect the rights of every citizen against forcible interference. We can imagine a trusty citizen of New England—Mr. Edward Everett, let us say—knocked down and robbed upon the Boston Common. He applies to Mayor Dogberry for redress. "Redress!" exclaims his Honor; "you're a pretty fellow, Mr. Everett; what do you mean by carrying money in your pockets and provoking a breach of the peace? Go your ways, and thank Heaven that I don't commit you as a highwayman!"

When our government was young, and old John Adams was President, he was afraid of the popular tongue, so he proposed what were called Sedition Laws. One of the articles provided that it should be an indictable offense *to defame Congress or the President!* Think of that, Master Brook! Think of depriving us of the luxury of our quadrennial canvass, which consists in saying what we think of the powers that be! Fancy the Whigs, twenty years ago, deprived of the privilege of saying what they thought of the excellent Sage of Lindenwald, and discovering that it was treason to shout, in continental chorus, the Whig lilliburlero that sang the Democrats out of office:

"And with them we'll beat little Van;
Van, Van is a used up man!"

Or the Democrats—how the Sachems of Tammany would have shrieked unintelligible war-songs had they been notified by summons from Court, that to express their opinion of the Congress which chartered the United States Bank was to "defame" that august body! What a droll old President Adams it must have been! But what a droller government of popular opinion it would have been could such a law have been passed! There has been a great deal of special pleading for that law; but it showed too clearly the tendency, perhaps unconscious, but still decided, of the old Federal party, and its defeat was inevitable.

We must all honor sturdy old John Adams, nor forget for a moment his masterly service toward the independence of this country; but on this point how much greater was his successor, Thomas Jefferson, saying in his inaugural that error of opinion need not trouble us so long as truth is left free to combat it. That is the whole system of our government stated in an axiom. Let us all dedicate a new edition of it, with our respectful compliments, to Mayor Dogberry.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A CURE FOR BIGAMY.—By the ancient law of Hungary a man convicted of bigamy was condemned to live with both wives in the same house; the crime was, in consequence, extremely rare.

A Scotch minister was once ordered "beef tea" by his physician. The next day the patient complained that it had made him sick. "Why, minister," said the doctor, "I'll try the tea mysel'." So, putting some in a skillet, he warmed it, tasted it, and told the minister it was excellent. "Man," says the minister, "is that the way ye sup it?"—"What ither way should it be suppit? It's excellent, I say, minister."—"It may be gude that way, doctor; but try it wi' the cream and sugar, man! try it wi' that, and then see hoo ye like it."

GREEDY FELLOWS.—"A Burman is not very particular in his food; he will eat almost any thing. Mr. Lanciego told me that, on one of these visits, his followers observed him eating some cheese, and in prowling about the ship they presently came upon what they took to be a similar delicacy, but which, to their grief, turned out to be a bar of yellow soap. They did not discover their mistake, nor discontinue their attacks upon it, until their mouths were foaming with the lather, and in utter astonishment at their master's predilection for such nastiness."

A young actor having played a part tolerably well, Elliston one evening called him into the green-room, and addressed him to this effect: "Young man, you have not only pleased the public, but you have pleased me; and, as a slight token of my regard and good wishes, I beg your acceptance of a small piece of plate." It was, beyond all question, a *very* small piece, for it was a silver tooth-pick!

"REET IT AWHOM."—In the old church at Manchester, now the cathedral, the marriage ceremony is, or was, performed by wholesale. Some years ago, when the Rev. Joshua Brooks, a well-known chaplain of the foundation, had officiated for some thirty or forty couples together, two or three unfortunate wights would come up to him with the grievance, "Please, master, I've gotten the wrong wench!" His reply was always reassuring—"Well, well, lads and lasses, pair as you go out—pair as you go out—reet it awhom" (right it at home).

A Dutchman being advised to rub his limbs well with brandy for the rheumatism, said he had heard of the remedy; but added, "I dosh petter as dat—I drinks de brandy, den I rubs my legs wid de bottle."

"That's very singular," said a young lady to a gentleman who had just kissed her. "Oh, well, my dear miss, I will soon make it plural."

LAWYERS' PAY.—A pert young lawyer once boasted to a member of the bar that he had received two hundred pounds for speaking in a certain lawsuit; the other replied, "I received double that sum for keeping silent in that very case."

Rose, private secretary to Louis XIV., having married his daughter to M. Portial, president of the Parliament, was constantly receiving from his son-in-law complaints of his daughter's ill-temper. To one of these he at length answered, that he was fully convinced of her misconduct, and was resolved to punish her for it; in short, if he heard any more of it he would disinherit her. He heard no more.

A man who commits suicide does a rash act; but he who eats bacon for breakfast does a rasher.

Of a truth, a home without a girl is only half blessed; it is an orchard without blossoms, and a spring without song. A house full of sons is like Lebanon with its cedars, but daughters by the fireside are like roses in Sharon.

At Eton once, a boy rendered "Scipio Africanus," "an African walking-stick." Dr. Keate, the head master, roared out in a rage, "Sit down, Sir; you are too great a fool to be flogged."

If Austria would do the honestest and wisest thing that she possibly can, she would sell the Venetian territory to its rightful owners, and pay over the proceeds into the Court of Bankruptcy.

A piano affords a young lady a good chance to show her fingering and her finger-ring.

NOBILITY OF BIRTH.—A west-country editor asserts that he was born a "gentleman." The utmost that an ordinary person can claim is that he was born a "gentle baby."

"I can't undertake, wife, to gratify all your whims; it would be as much as my life is worth." "Oh, Sir, that's nothing," she replied

THE PRINCE OF WALES' KISS.—The Canadian journals are disputing over the identity of the girl who is said to have received the only kiss bestowed by the Prince of Wales throughout his tour. The fair one did not expect to have her honors questioned so soon.

Anderson the actor was seldom known to be in a passion. When at Oxford, he was one day debating with a fellow-student, who, not keeping his temper, threw a glass of wine into his face, when Anderson took out his handkerchief, wiped his face, and coolly said, "That, Sir, was a digression; now for the argument."

The man who follows the sea thinks he shall get up with it one of these days.

Man, anatomists say, changes entirely every seven years. "Therefore," says the witty Jones, "my tailor should not remind me of the bill I contracted in 1852. I ain't the man who contracted it."

"You should be ashamed, husband, to snore so." "Oh, it is entirely unintentional: I never do it with my eyes open."

Some people have no touch of imagination. A writer in *Fraser* says he once read Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner" to a hard-hearted old lawyer, who listened patiently to the close, and then merely said that the author must have been *a horrible fool!*

When the affairs of Italy were the subject of general conversation, Jerrold was very enthusiastic in favor of Mazzini and his party. He was talking hopefully and warmly on the subject one evening at a party, when a very cold and stiff and argumentative gentleman was present. This iced man interrupted Jerrold at every turn with a doubting "but." At last, Jerrold, fairly roused by the coolness of his opponent, turned sharply upon him, and said, "Sir, I'll thank you to throw no more of your cold water 'buts' at me."

An opinion of Heinrich Zschokke, the German author of many popular books, on Louis Napoleon, reads rather curiously now. Zschokke writes to Her von Bonstetten, thirty years ago: "I have made a few excursions again, among others to Bad Schinznach, to the Duchess of St. Leu. This step-daughter of Napoleon, whom you will know better by the name of Hortense, is a clever, amiable, lively French woman. Her son, Prince Louis, the translator of my parallel, 'Napoleon and Frederic II.,' called twice, and missed me each time. Thinking of the young man, I must say, what a pity for him! *He would have been something on a throne.* I wish the King of Denmark could adopt him."

A man who lisped having bought some pigs, asked a neighbor for the use of a pen for a few days. Said he, "I have juth been purchathing thom thwine—two thowth and pigth. I want to put them in your pen till I can fix a plaith for them."—"Two thousand pigs!" exclaimed the astonished neighbor, "why, my pen will hardly hold a dozen!"—"You don't understand me, Mr. Bent. I don't thay two thouthand pigth, but two thowth and pigth!"—"I hear you," said Mr. Bent, "two thousand pigs! Why you must be crazy."—"I tell you again," exclaimed the man, angrily, "I mean not two thouthand pigth, but two thowth and two pigth!"—"Oh, that is what you mean, eh? Well, the pen is at your service."

In a very thin house, an actress spoke very low in her communication to her lover. The actor, whose benefit it happened to be, exclaimed, with a woeful humor, "My dear, you may speak out; there is nobody to hear us."

A footman learned from his master that malapropos meant "out of place." Meeting a brother footman who had been discharged, he exclaimed, "Ah! my dear fellow, I am sorry for you; you are malapropos!"

"Do you think," asked Mrs. Pepper, rather sharply, "that a little temper is a bad thing in a woman?"—"Certainly not, ma'am," replied the gallant philosopher; "it is a good thing, and she ought never to lose it."

The late Sir Henry Smith, long M.P. for Colchester, was one of the Tories of the old school; and among the advocates of reform, his resolute opposition to all change gave him a reputation for folly and obstinacy which was not borne out by his real character. On one occasion he was canvassing in presence of numerous friends, and on asking a heavy-looking farmer for his vote, the man replied, "I'd vote for ye, Sir Henry, as usual, only you're such a fool."—"Fool, am I?" retorted Sir Henry; "*then I'm the very man to represent you.*" The diamond shaft of wit went to the farmer's heart, and with a loud guffaw he promised his vote.

"Sambo, is your master a good farmer?"—"Oh, yes, massa fuss-rate farmer—he make two crops in one year."—"How is that, Sambo?"—"Why, he sell all his hay in de fall, and make money once; den in de spring he sell de hides of de cattle dat die for want of de hay, and make money twice."

Blunders upon the stage have often relieved a dull play; and it is remarkable that if one actor stumbles another is almost sure to follow his example. Charles Mathews, if he once blundered in his popular "At Home," was sure to make many blunders; perchance from his habit of imitation. Two of the most celebrated stage blunders once occurred in the comedy of the "Clandestine Marriage," when one of the characters saw "a candle going along the gallery with a man in his hand;" and another "locked the key, and put the door in his pocket."

A DOUBTFUL FISH.—If a man can not skate, he will probably flounder.

RATHER OMINOUS.—To be importuned by your wife to get your life insured.

Gainsborough was once examined as a witness on a trial respecting the originality of a picture, when a counsel endeavored to puzzle him by saying, "I observe you lay great stress on a *painter's eye*—what do you mean by that expression?"—"A painter's eye," answered Gainsborough, "is to him what a lawyer's tongue is to you."

"Don't you think, husband, that you are apt to believe every thing you hear?"—"No, Madam, not when *you* talk."

A citizen of Berlin, Prussia, a man in comfortable circumstances, is periodically attacked with a desire to knock off hats. He afterward makes up the loss to the astonished victim of this strange fancy by the payment of three thalers. According to the calculation of his family, in the past year he has been obliged to make good the loss of two hundred and sixty-seven hats. At a recent musical festival, fifty-three hats were sacrificed to this curious frenzy, and for the evening's entertainment he paid a hundred and fifty-nine thalers.

A wife's farewell to her husband every morning.—Buy and buy.

Some people assert that they have seen a horse *draw*, a bell *pull*, a lump of coal *smoke*, a pail *run*, a-bun-*dance*, and a wheel-*write*.

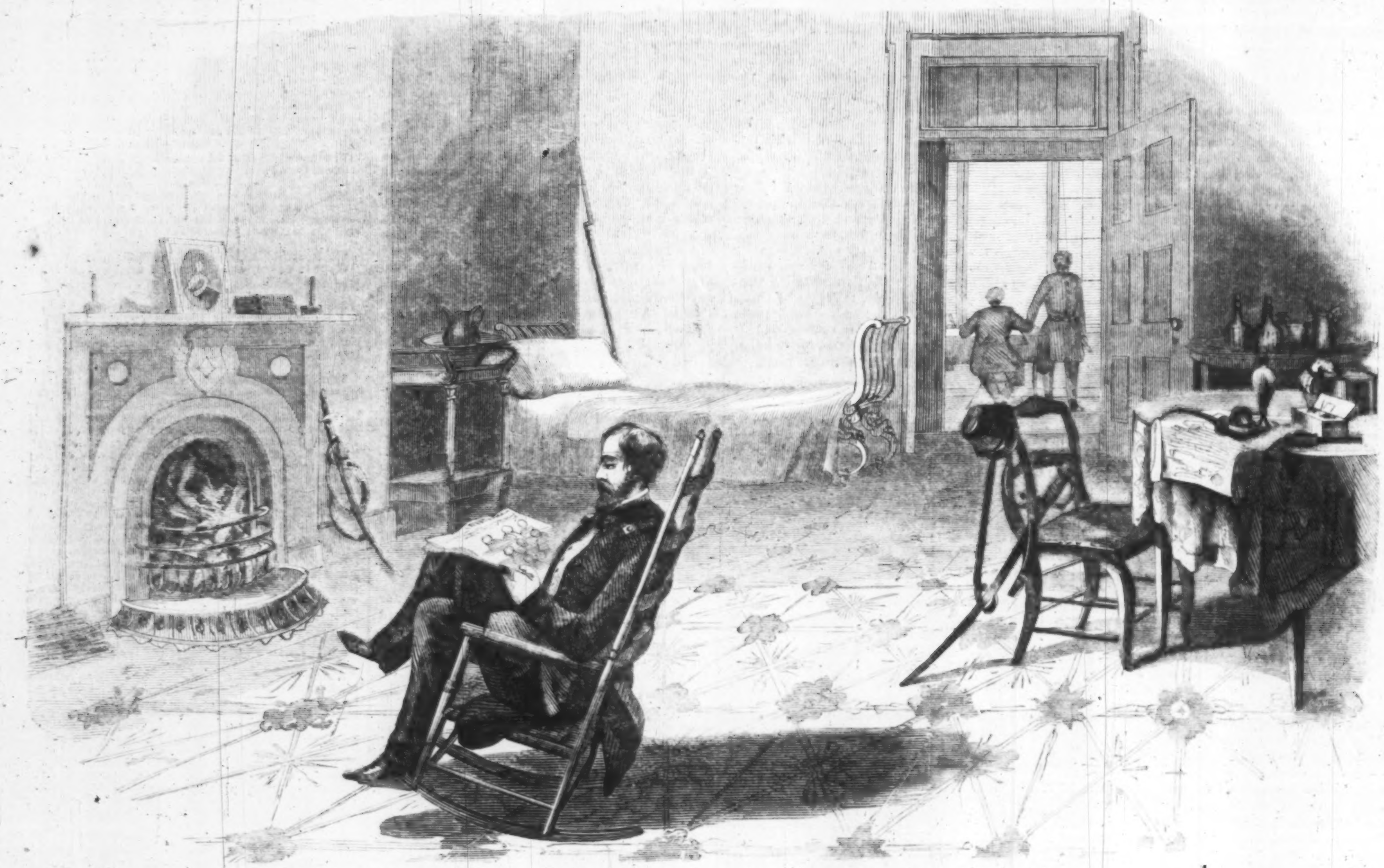
If you wish to learn all your defects, quarrel with your best friend, and you will be surprised to find what a villain you are even in the estimation of a friend.

AN IMPOSING CHARACTER.—A Magistrate, when he fines you.

If your friends and associates can not be amused except by the tricks of a monkey, you had better buy them one than make one of yourself.

When men, by age, fail in their sight and hearing, they had better console themselves with the thought that they have seen and heard quite enough.

Some men are always fond of raising their voices, because perhaps it is the only way they can raise the wind.



OFFICERS' QUARTERS AT FORT SUMTER.—[FROM A SKETCH BY AN OFFICER OF MAJOR ANDERSON'S COMMAND.]

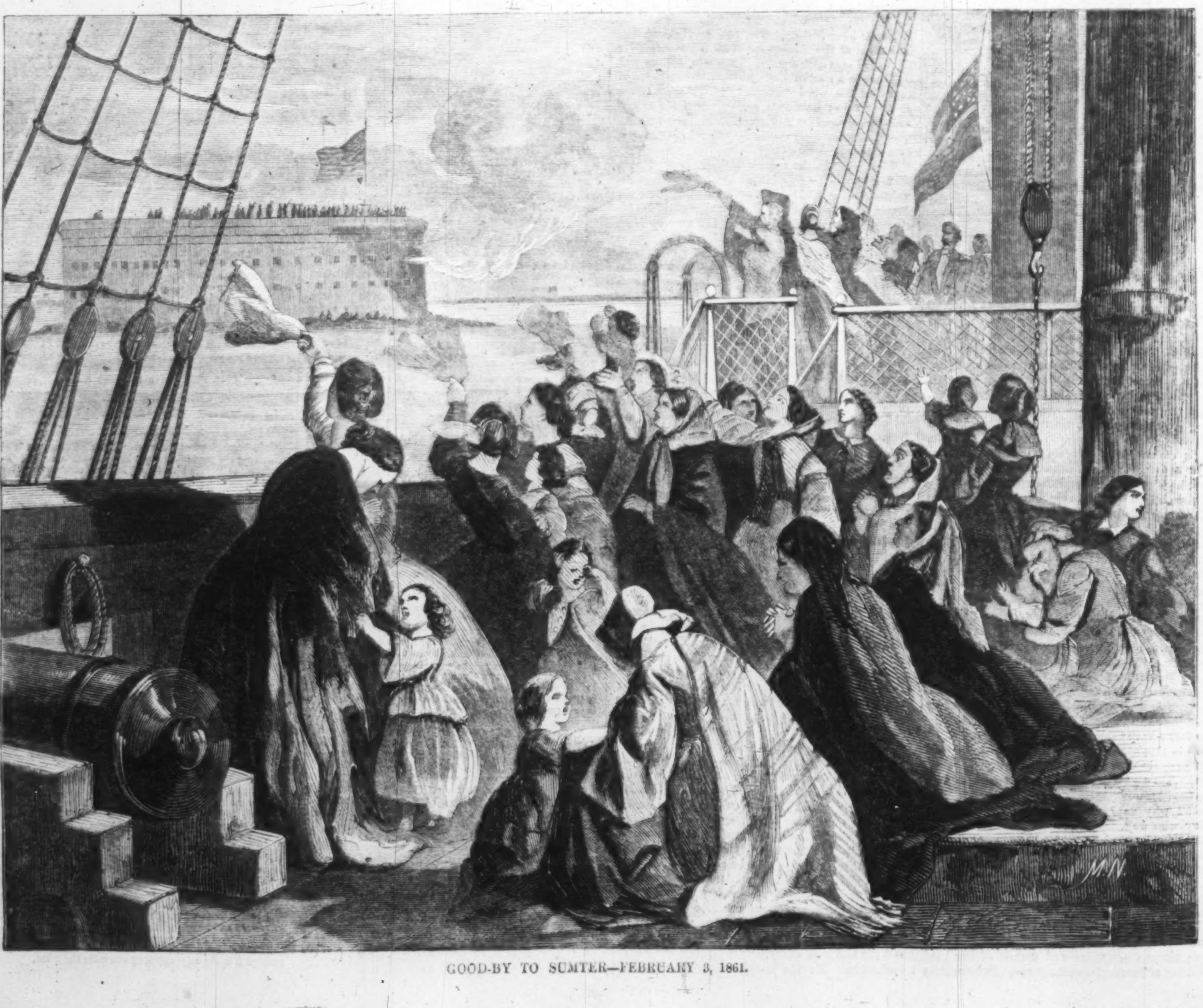
THE OFFICERS' QUARTERS AT FORT SUMTER.

SUCH intense interest is felt in every thing which concerns the garrison at Fort Sumter that we are glad to present our readers with the accompanying picture of the Officers' Quarters at Fort Sumter, from a sketch kindly sent us by one of our military correspondents in that work. It shows that the gallant officers are comfortable.

GOOD-BY TO FORT SUMTER.

WE publish herewith a picture of the good-by waved to Fort Sumter by the wives and children of the soldiers quartered in that work, as they steamed past in the *Marion*, on 3d inst., on their way to New York. The scene is thus described in a note from one of the passengers on board the *Marion*:

"On Sunday, the 3d inst., as the steamer *Marion* was pro-



GOOD-BY TO SUMTER—FEBRUARY 3, 1861.

THE LATE REV. DR. MURRAY.—[From a Photograph by Brinckerhoff at Lawrence's Gallery.]

sailing down Charleston harbor, bound for New York, and having on board among the passengers the wives—about twenty in number—and children belonging to the soldiers stationed in Fort Sumter, a somewhat exciting scene occurred. On nearing the fort the whole garrison was seen, mounted on the top of the ramparts, and when the ship was passing fired a gun and gave three heart-thrilling cheers as a parting farewell to the dear loved ones on board, whom they may possibly never meet again this side the grave.

"The response was weeping and wavering adieux to husbands and fathers. A small band pent up in an isolated fort, and completely surrounded by instruments of death, as five forts could be seen from the steamer's deck, with their guns pointing toward Sumter.

"As the ship proceeded on her voyage, the earnest prayer of many sympathizing hearts on board was that no collision would ever take place between these men, so hostilely arrayed against each other, but who are in reality brothers."

REV. NICHOLAS MURRAY, D.D.

The death of the Rev. Dr. Murray, of Elizabeth, New Jersey, which occurred on the 4th of February, 1861, is a loss to the Church and the world. We present his portrait in this paper, and desire to record, in a few words, our sense of his worth and his greatness, and our personal sorrow in the decease of a valued correspondent and a beloved friend.

He was a native of Ireland, and largely endowed with the finest qualities peculiar to the noblest sons of the Emerald Isle. His warm and glowing heart, his genial humor, his sparkling wit, the ready repartee, the enthusiastic temperament, the generous disposition, were the natural traits of character that made him the best of company and the most constant of friends.

He was born on Christmas-day, in the year 1802. While he was yet a mere boy his father died, and young Nicholas was put into a store to begin, almost without education, the struggle and labors of life. At the early age of twelve he was keeping a set of books in a store in Dublin. Induced by the reports from America to believe that his chances of success would be greater here, he came to this country in 1818, and immediately found employment in the establishment of Harper & Brothers, and a home in the family of his employers. While here, he was brought into such associations and under such influences as led him to forsake the Roman Catholic Church, in which he had been born, and first connecting himself as a probationer with the John Street Methodist Episcopal Church, soon after became a member of the Brick Presbyterian Church, of which Dr. Spring was and is the pastor.

While yet at work at the printing press he commenced study in preparation for the ministry, in connection with a fellow-apprentice, now the Rev. P. C. Oakley, of Cold Spring, New York. He entered Williams College, under the Presidency of the distinguished Dr. Edward Dorr Griffin, and graduated with honor in 1826; and afterward pursued a thorough course of theological study at the Seminary in Princeton, New Jersey. After a few months of itinerant service in connection with the American Tract Society, he was settled over two churches in Wyoming Valley, Wilkesbarre and Kingston, Pennsylvania. His remarkable pulpit talents and his high promise attracted attention, and in 1833 he was called and installed pastor of the First Presbyterian Church in Elizabethtown, New Jersey, one of the largest churches in the Presbyterian denomination. Here he spent the remainder of his life, twenty-eight years of eminent usefulness, untiring labor, and the most enviable of human distinction—a career marked by ceaseless devotion to the best interests of his people and the highest good of the human family. The various institutions of Christian benevolence called him to their councils, and he served them with self-denying activity. The cause of education in the Church and in the State was an object to which he gave constant attention; and colleges, seminaries, and schools found him an appreciating director, supporter, and friend.

In the year 1847 he addressed a series of letters to Bishop Hughes, the distinguished prelate at the head of the Roman Catholic Church in New York. These letters first appeared in the New York *Observer*, and were extensively reprinted in other papers, languages, and lands. They presented the history of the writer's progress from Romanism to Protestantism, and examined the reasons for adhering to the Church of Rome. The vivacious style, the genial humor, biting sarcasm, anecdotes, incidents, illustration, argument, and appeals blended so harmoniously as to give them a popularity perhaps without a parallel in religious literature. The first series was followed by a second and third. The *nom de plume* of the writer, Kirwan, could not conceal the New Jersey divine, and his name became familiar in all Christian lands. Crossing a ferry in Scotland the boatman approached him, and saying he had been told by some one on board that he was from America, asked "if he had ever seen a man by the name of Kirwan there?" He had been reading his letters to Bishop Hughes, and would like to hear about the author.

Dr. Murray made two or three journeys in Europe, seeking relaxation from his arduous labors, and gathering materials for those contributions which he gave to the press. His letters have been collected in volumes, and are published under the following titles: "Letters to Bishop Hughes;" "Romanism at Home;" "Men and Things in Europe;" "American Principles on National Prosperity;" "Parish and Other Pencilings;" "The Happy Home."

On Friday, February 1, he was attacked by neuralgia in the chest; the distress continued without awakening serious apprehensions until Monday the 4th, in the evening, when a sudden fainting fit, under intense pain, gave him warning that his hour had come. "My work is done," he said; and giving his dying counsel to his family, sending messages to absent friends, commending those he loved, his church, and his country, and his own spirit to the God whom he served, he lifted up his hands, pronounced a parting blessing on all around him, and with all the calmness and composure of one "lying down to pleasant dreams," he fell asleep.

In person Dr. Murray was a model of manly vigor; of middle height, broad chest and shoulders, with a round ruddy face, a broad, high forehead, and benevolent, pleasant expression of countenance, his appearance was at once attractive and commanding. In conversation, overflowing with humor, he was the soul of good company. As a pastor he was always at work, ready at every call; in the chamber of sickness, in the homes of the poor, among the young—every where he was found, and always a welcome guest. His preparations for the pulpit were made with the greatest care, his sermons being completed as if for the press, and often far in advance of the time when they were to be delivered.

His funeral was attended on Friday, February 8, with every demonstration of respect and affection that could be paid by the most affectionate people. All the places of business in the city were closed. The bells of all the churches tolled in concert as the procession walked the streets. A hundred clergymen wept over his lifeless clay. Eloquent eulogies were pronounced in the church that was draped in mourning and crowded to its utmost capacity by a mourning congregation. His remains were laid in the yard adjoining the church, in the midst of his children and his beloved flock.

GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

A NOVEL.

By CHARLES DICKENS.

CHAPTER XIX.

The journey from our town to the metropolis was a journey of about five hours. It was a little past mid-day when the four-horse stage-coach by which I was a passenger got into the ravel of traffic frayed out about the Cross-Keys, Wood Street, Cheapside, London.

We Britons had at that time particularly settled that it was treasonable to doubt our having and our being the best of every thing; otherwise, while I was scared by the immensity of London, I think I might have had some faint doubts whether it was not rather ugly, crooked, narrow, and smoky.

Mr. Jaggers had duly sent me his address; it was Little Britain, and he had written after it on his card, "just out of Smithfield, and close by the coach-office." Nevertheless, a hackney-coachman, who seemed to have as many capes to his greasy great-coat as he was years old, packed me up in his coach and hemmed me in with a folding and jingling barrier of steps, as if he were going to take me fifty miles. His getting on his box, which I remember to have been decorated with an old weather-stained pea-green hammer-cloth, moth-eaten into rags, was quite a work of time. Altogether, it was a wonderful equipage, with six great coronets outside, and ragged things behind for I don't know how many footmen to hold on by, and a harrow below them, to prevent amateur footmen from yielding to the temptation.

I had scarcely had time to enjoy the coach and to think how like a damp straw-yard it was, and yet how like a rag-shop, and to wonder why the horses' nose-bags were kept inside, when I observed the coachman beginning to get down, as if we were going to stop presently. And stop we presently did, in a gloomy street, at certain offices with an open door, whereon was painted Mr. Jaggers.

"How much?" I asked the coachman.

The coachman answered, "A shilling—unless you wish to make it more."

I naturally said I had no wish to make it more.

"Then it must be a shilling," observed the coachman. "I don't want to get into trouble. *I know him!*" He darkly closed an eye at Mr. Jaggers's name, and shook his head.

When he had got his shilling, and had in course of time completed the ascent to his box, and had got away (which appeared to relieve his mind), I went into the front office with my little portmanteau in my hand, and asked, Was Mr. Jaggers at home?

"He is not," returned the clerk. "He is in Court at present. Am I addressing Mr. Pip?"

I signified that he was addressing Mr. Pip.

"Mr. Jaggers left word would you wait in his room. He couldn't say how long he might be, having a case on. But it stands to reason, his time being valuable, that he won't be longer than he can help."

With those words the clerk opened a door, and ushered me into an inner chamber at the back. Here we found a gentleman with one eye, in a velveteen suit and knee-breeches, who wiped his nose with his sleeve on being interrupted in the perusal of the newspaper.

"Go and wait outside, Mike," said the clerk.

I began to say that I hoped I was not interrupting—when the clerk shoved this gentleman out with as little ceremony as I ever saw used, and tossing his fur cap out after him, left me alone.

Mr. Jaggers's room was lighted by a skylight only, and was a most dismal place; the skylight eccentrically patched, like a broken head, and the distorted adjoining houses looking as if they had twisted themselves to peep down at me through it. There were not so many papers about as I should have expected to see; and there were some odd objects about that I should not have expected to see—such as an old rusty pistol, a sword in a scabbard, several strange-looking boxes and packages, and two dreadful casts on a shelf of faces peculiarly swollen, and twitchy about the nose. Mr. Jaggers's own high-

"YOU INFERNAL SCOUNDREL, HOW DARE YOU TELL *ME* THAT!"

backed chair was of deadly black horse-hair, with rows of brass nails round it like a coffin; and I fancied I could see how he leaned back in it, and bit his forefinger at the clients. The room was but small, and the clients seemed to have had a habit of backing up against the wall: for the wall, especially opposite to Mr. Jaggers's chair, was greasy with shoulders. I recalled, too, that the one-eyed gentleman had shuffled forth against the wall when I was the innocent cause of his being turned out.

I sat down in the cliental chair placed over against Mr. Jaggers's chair, and became fascinated by the dismal atmosphere of the place. I called to mind that the clerk had the same air of knowing something to every body else's disadvantage as his master had. I wondered how many other clerks there were up stairs, and whether they all claimed to have the same detrimental mastery of their fellow-creatures. I wondered what was the history of all the odd litter about the room, and how it came there. I wondered whether the two swollen faces were of Mr. Jaggers's family, and, if he were so unfortunate as to have had a pair of such ill-looking relations, why he stuck them on that dusty perch for the blacks and flies to settle on, instead of giving them a place at home. Of course I had no experience of a London summer day, and my spirits may have been oppressed by the hot exhausted air, and by the dust and grit that lay thick on every thing. But I sat wondering and waiting in Mr. Jaggers's close room, until I really could not bear the two casts on the shelf above Mr. Jaggers's chair, and got up and went out.

When I told the clerk that I would take a turn in the air while I waited, he advised me to go round the corner and I should come into Smithfield. So I came into Smithfield, and the shameful place, being all asmear with filth and fat and blood and foam seemed to stick to me. So I rubbed it off with all possible speed by turning into a street where I saw the great black dome of Saint Paul's bulging at me from behind a grim stone building which a by-stander said was Newgate Prison. Following the wall of the jail, I found the roadway covered with straw to deaden the noise of passing vehicles; and from this, and from the quantity of people standing about, smelling strongly of spirits and beer, I inferred that the trials were on.

While I looked about me here, an exceedingly dirty and partially drunk minister of justice asked me if I would like to step in and hear a trial or so: informing me that he could give me a front place for half a crown, whence I should command a full view of the Lord Chief Justice in his wig and robes—mentioning that awful personage like wax-work, and presently offering him at the reduced price of eighteen pence. As I declined the proposal on the plea of an appointment, he was so good as to take me into a yard and show me where the gallows was kept, and also where people were publicly whipped, and then he showed me the Debtors' Door, out of which culprits came to be hanged: heightening the interest of that dreadful portal by giving me to understand that "four on 'em" would come out at that door the day after to-morrow at eight in the morning, to be killed in a row. This was horrible, and gave me rather a sickening idea of London: the more so as the Lord Chief Justice's proprietor wore (from his hat down to his boots, and up again to his pocket-handkerchief inclusive) mildewed clothes, which had evidently not belonged to him originally, and which, I took it into my head, he had bought cheap of the executioner. Under these circumstances I thought myself well rid of him for a shilling.

I dropped into the office to ask if Mr. Jaggers had come in yet, and I found he had not, and I strolled out again. This time I made the tour of Little Britain, and turned into Bartholomew Close; and now I became aware that other people were waiting about for Mr. Jaggers as well as I. There were two men of secret appearance lounging in Bartholomew Close, and thoughtfully fitting their feet into the cracks of the pavement as they talked together, one of whom said to the other when they first passed me, that "Mr. Jaggers could do it if it was to be done." There was a knot of three men and two women standing at a corner, and one of the women was crying on her dirty shawl, and the other comforted her by saying, as she pulled her own shawl over her shoulders, "Jaggers is for him, 'Melia, and what more *could* you have?" There was a red-eyed little Jew who came into the Close while I was loitering there, in company with a second little Jew whom he sent upon an errand; and while the messenger was gone, I remarked this Jew, who was of a highly excitable temperament, performing a jig of anxiety under a lamp-post, and accompanying himself, in a kind of frenzy, with the words, "Oh Jaggerth, Jaggerth, Jaggerth! all otherth ith Cag-Maggerth, give me Jaggerth!" These testimonies to the popularity of my guardian made a deep impression on me, and I admired and wondered more than ever.

At length, as I was looking out at the iron gate of Bartholomew Close into Little Britain, I saw Mr. Jaggers coming across the road toward me. All the others who were waiting saw him at the same time, and there was quite a rush at him. Mr. Jaggers, putting a hand on my shoulder and walking me on at his side without saying any thing to me, addressed himself to his followers.

First, he took the two secret men.

"Now, I have nothing to say to *you*," said Mr. Jaggers, throwing his finger at them. "I want to know no more than I know. As to the result, it's a toss-up. I told you from the first it was a toss-up. Have you paid Wemmick?"

"We made the money up this morning, Sir," said one of the men, submissively, while the other perused Mr. Jaggers's face.

"I don't ask you when you made it up, or where, or whether you made it up at all. Has Wemmick got it?"

"Yes, Sir," said both the men together.

"Very well; then you may go. Now, I won't have it!" said Mr. Jaggers, waving his hand at them to put them behind him. "If you say a word to me I'll throw up the case."

"We thought, Mr. Jaggers—" one of the men began, pulling off his hat.

"That's what I told you not to do," said Mr. Jaggers. "*You* thought! I think for you; that's enough for you. If I want you, I know where to find you; I don't want you to find me. Now, I won't have it. I won't hear a word."

The two men looked at one another as Mr. Jaggers waved them behind again, and humbly fell back and were heard no more.

"And now *you!*" said Mr. Jaggers, suddenly stopping, and turning on the two women with the shawls, from whom the three men had meekly separated.—"Oh! Amelia, is it?"

"Yes, Mr. Jaggers."

"And do you remember," retorted Mr. Jaggers, "that but for me you wouldn't be here and couldn't be here?"

"Oh yes, Sir!" exclaimed both women together. "Lord bless you, Sir, well we knows that!"

"Then why," said Mr. Jaggers, "do you come here?"

"My Bill, Sir!" the crying woman pleaded.

"Now, I tell you what!" said Mr. Jaggers. "Once for all. If you don't know that your Bill's in good hands, I know it. And if you come here, bothering about your Bill, I'll make an example of both your Bill and you, and let him slip through my fingers. Have you paid Wemmick?"

"Oh yes, Sir! Every farden."

"Very well. Then you have done all you have got to do. Say another word—one single word—and Wemmick shall give you your money back."

This terrible threat caused the two women to fall off immediately. No one remained now but the excitable Jew, who had already raised the skirts of Mr. Jaggers's coat to his lips several times.

"I don't know this man!" said Mr. Jaggers, in the same devastating strain. "What does this fellow want?"

"Ma thear Mithter Jaggerth. Hown brother to Habraham Latharuth!"

"Who's he?" said Mr. Jaggers. "Let go of my coat."

The suitor, kissing the hem of the garment again before relinquishing it, replied, "Habraham Latharuth, on thuthpithion of plate."

"You're too late," said Mr. Jaggers. "I am over the way."

"Holy father, Mithter Jaggerth!" cried my excitable acquaintance, turning white, "don't thay you're again Habraham Latharuth!"

"I am," said Mr. Jaggers, "and there's an end of it. Get out of the way."

"Mithter Jaggerth! Half a moment! My hown cuthen'th gone to Mithter Wemmick at thith prethent minute, to hoffer him hany termth. Mithter Jaggerth! Half a quarter of a moment! If you'd have the condethenthun to be bought off from the t'other thide—at hany thuperior prithe!—money no object!—Mithter Jaggerth—Mithter—!"

My guardian threw his supplicant off with supreme indifference, and left him dancing on the pavement as if it were red-hot. Without further interruption we reached the front office, where we found the clerk and the man in velveteen with the fur cap.

"Here's Mike," said the clerk, getting down from his stool, and approaching Mr. Jaggers confidentially.

"Oh!" said Mr. Jaggers, turning to the man, who was pulling a lock of hair in the middle of his forehead, like the Bull in Cock Robin pulling at the bell-rope; "your man comes on this afternoon. Well?"

"Well, Mas'r Jaggers," returned Mike, in the voice of a sufferer from a constitutional cold; "arter a deal o' trouble I've found one, Sir, as might do."

"What is he prepared to swear?"

"Well, Mas'r Jaggers," said Mike, wiping his nose on his fur cap this time, "in a general way, any think."

Mr. Jaggers suddenly became most irate. "Now I warned you before," said he, throwing his forefinger at the terrified client, "that if you ever presumed to talk in that way here I'd make an example of you. You infernal scoundrel, how dare you tell ME that?"

The client looked scared, but bewildered too, as if he were unconscious what he had done.

"Spooney!" said the clerk, in a low voice, giving him a stir with his elbow. "Soft Head! Need you say it face to face?"

"Now, I ask you, you blundering booby," said my guardian, very sternly, "once more, and for the last time, what the man you have brought here is prepared to swear?"

Mike looked hard at my guardian, as if he were trying to learn a lesson from his face, and slowly replied, "Ayther to character, or to having been in his company and never left him all the night in question."

"Now, be careful. In what station of life is this man?"

Mike looked at his cap, and looked at the floor, and looked at the ceiling, and looked at the clerk, and even looked at me, before beginning to reply, in a nervous manner, "We've dressed him up like—" when my guardian blustered out:

"What? You WILL, will you?"

("Spooney!" added the clerk again, with another stir.)

After some helpless casting about, Mike brightened and began again:

"He is dressed like a 'spectable pieman. A sort of a pastry-cook."

"Is he here?" asked my guardian.

"I left him," said Mike, "a settin on some door-steps round the corner."

"Take him past that window, and let me see him."

The window indicated was the office-window. We all three went to it, behind the wire blind, and presently saw the client go by in an accidental manner, with a murderous-looking tall individual, in a short suit of white linen and a paper cap. This guileless confectioner was not by any means sober, and had a black eye in the green stage of recovery, which was painted over.

"Tell him to take his witness away directly," said my guardian to the clerk, in extreme disgust, "and ask him what he means by bringing such a fellow as that."

My guardian then took me into his own room, and while he lunched, standing, from a sandwich-box and a pocket-flask of sherry (he seemed to bully his very sandwich as he ate it), informed me what arrangements he had made for me. I was to go to "Barnard's Inn," to young Mr. Pocket's rooms, where a bed had been sent in for my accommodation; I was to remain with young Mr. Pocket until Monday; on Monday I was to go with him to his father's house on a visit, that I might try how I liked it. Also I was told what my allowance was to be—it was a very liberal one—and had handed to me from one of my guardian's drawers the cards of certain tradesmen with whom I was to deal for all kinds of clothes, and such other things as I could in reason want. "You will find your credit good, Mr. Pip," said my guardian, whose flask of sherry smelled like a whole caskful, as he hastily refreshed himself; "but I shall by this means be able to check your bills, and to pull you up if I find you outrunning the constable. Of course you'll go wrong somehow, but that's no fault of mine."

After I had pondered a little over this encouraging sentiment, I asked Mr. Jaggers if I could send for a coach? He said it was not worth while, I was so near my destination; Wemmick should walk round with me, if I pleased.

I then found that Wemmick was the clerk in the next room. Another clerk was rung down from up stairs to take his place while he was out, and I accompanied him into the street, after shaking hands with my guardian. We found a new set of people lingering outside, but Wemmick made a way among them by saying coolly yet decisively, "I tell you it's no use; he won't have a word to say to one of you;" and we soon got clear of them, and went on side by side.

CHAPTER XX.

CASTING my eyes on Mr. Wemmick as we went along, to see what he was like in the light of day, I found him to be a dry man, rather short in stature, with a square wooden face, whose expression seemed to have been imperfectly chipped out with a dull-edged chisel. There were some marks in it that might have been dimples, if the material had been softer and the instrument finer, but which, as it was, were only dints. The chisel had made three or four of these attempts at embellishment over his nose, but had given them up without an effort to smooth them off. I judged him to be a bachelor from the frayed condition of his linen, and he appeared to have sustained a good many bereavements; for he wore at least four mourning rings, besides a brooch representing a lady and a weeping willow at a tomb with an urn on it. I noticed, too, that several rings and seals hung at his watch-chain, as if he were quite laden with remembrances of departed friends. He had glittering eyes—small, keen, and black—and thin wide mottled lips. He had had them, to the best of my belief, from forty to fifty years.

"So you were never in London before?" said Mr. Wemmick to me.

"No," said I.

"*I* was new here once," said Mr. Wemmick. "Rum to think of now!"

"You are well acquainted with it now?"

"Why, yes," said Mr. Wemmick. "I know the moves of it."

"Is it a very wicked place?" I asked, more for the sake of saying something than for information.

"You may get cheated, robbed, and murdered in London. But there are plenty of people any where who'll do that for you."

"If there is bad blood between you and them," said I, to soften it off a little.

"Oh! I don't know about bad blood," returned Mr. Wemmick; "there's not much bad blood about. If there's any thing to be got by it."

"That makes it worse."

"You think so?" returned Mr. Wemmick. "Much about the same, I should say."

He wore his hat on the back of his head and looked straight before him: walking in a self-contained way as if there were nothing in the streets to claim his attention. His mouth was such a post-office of a mouth that he had a mechanical appearance of smiling. We had got to the top of Holborn Hill before I knew that it was merely a mechanical appearance, and that he was not smiling at all.

"Do you know where Mr. Matthew Pocket lives?" I asked Mr. Wemmick.

"Yes," said he, nodding in the direction. "At Hornsey, north of London."

"Is that far?"

"Well! Say five miles."

"Do you know him?"

"Why, you're a regular examiner!" said Mr. Wemmick, looking at me with an approving air. "Yes, I know him. *I* know him!"

There was an air of toleration or depreciation about his utterance of these words that rather depressed me; and I was still looking sideways at his block of a face in search of any encouraging note to the text when he said here we were at Barnard's Inn. My depression was not alleviated by the announcement, for I had supposed that establishment to be a hotel kept by one Barnard, to which the Blue Boar in our town was a mere public-house. Whereas I now found Barnard to be a ghost, and his inn the dingiest collection of shabby buildings ever squeezed together in a rank corner as a club for Tom-cats.

We entered this haven through a wicket-gate, and were disgorged by an introductory passage into a melancholy little square that looked to me like a very confined burying-ground. I thought it had the most dismal trees in it, and the most dismal sparrows, and the most dismal cats, and the most dismal houses (in number half a dozen or so), that I had ever seen. I thought the windows of the sets of chambers into which these houses were divided were in every stage of dilapidated blind and curtain, crippled flower-pot, cracked glass, dusty decay and miserable makeshift; while To Let To Let To Let glared at me from empty rooms, as if no new wretches ever came there, and the vengeance of the soul of Barnard were being slowly appeased by the gradual suicide of the present occupants and their unholy interment under the gravel. A frouzy mourning of soot and smoke (I thought) attired this forlorn creation of Barnard, and it had strewn ashes on its head and on all its members, and was undergoing penance and humiliation as a mere dust-hole. Thus far the sense of sight; while dry-rot and wet-rot and all the silent rots that rot in neglected roof and cellar, rot of rat and mouse and bug and coaching-stables near at hand besides, addressed themselves faintly to my sense of smell, and moaned, "Try Barnard's Mixture."

So imperfect was this realization of the first of my great expectations, that I looked in dismay at Mr. Wemmick. "Ah!" said he, mistaking me; "the retirement reminds you of the country. So it does me."

He led me into a corner and conducted me up a flight of stairs—which appeared to me to be slowly collapsing into saw-dust, so that one of these days the upper lodgers would look out at their doors and find themselves without the means of coming down—to a set of chambers on the top-floor. MR. POCKET, JUN., was painted on the door, and there was a label on the letter-box, "Return shortly."

"He hardly thought you'd come so soon," Mr. Wemmick explained. "You don't want me any more?"

"No, thank you," said I.

"As I keep the cash," Mr. Wemmick observed, "we shall most likely meet pretty often. Good-day."

"Good-day."

I put out my hand, and Mr. Wemmick at first looked at it as if he thought I wanted something. Then he looked at me, and said, correcting himself,

"To be sure! Yes. You're in the habit of shaking hands?"

I was rather confused, thinking it must be out of the London fashion, but said yes.

"I have got so out of it!" said Mr. Wemmick—"except at last. Very glad, I'm sure, to make your acquaintance. Good-day!"

When we had shaken hands and he was gone I opened the staircase window, and had nearly beheaded myself, for the lines had rotted away, and it came down like the guillotine. Happily it was so quick that I had not put my head out. After this escape I was content to take a foggy view of the Inn through the window's incrusting dirt, and to stand dolefully looking out, saying to myself that London was decidedly overrated.

Mr. Pocket, Junior's, idea of Shortly was not mine, for I had nearly maddened myself with looking out for half an hour, and had written my name with my finger several times in the dirt of every pane in the window, before I heard footsteps on the stairs. Gradually there arose before me the hat, head, neckcloth, waistcoat, trowsers, boots, of a member of society of about my own standing. He had a paper-bag under each arm, and a pottle of strawberries in one hand, and was out of breath.

"Mr. Pip?" said he.

"Mr. Pocket?" said I.

"Dear me!" he exclaimed. "I am extremely sorry; but I knew there was a coach from your part of the country at mid-day, and I thought you would come by that one. The fact is, I have been out on your account—not that that is any excuse—for I thought, coming from the country, you might like a little fruit after dinner, and I went to Covent Garden Market to get it good."

For a reason that I had I felt as if my eyes would start out of my head. I acknowledged his attention incoherently, and began to think this was a dream.

"Dear me!" said Mr. Pocket, Junior. "This door sticks so!"

As he was fast making jam of his fruit by wrestling with the door while the paper-bags were under his arms, I begged him to allow me to hold them. He relinquished them with an agreeable smile, and combated with the door as if it were a wild beast. It yielded so suddenly at last that he staggered back upon me, and I staggered back upon the opposite door, and we both laughed. But still I felt as if my eyes must start out of my head, and as if this must be a dream.

"Pray come in," said Mr. Pocket, Junior. "Allow me to lead the way. I am rather bare here, but I hope you'll be able to make out tolerably well till Monday. My father thought you would get on more agreeably through to-morrow with me than with him, and might like

to take a walk about London. I am sure I shall be very happy to show London to you. As to our table, you won't find that bad, I hope, for it will be supplied from our coffee-house here, and (it is only right I should add) at your expense, such being Mr. Jaggers's directions. As to our lodging, it's not by any means splendid, because I have my own bread to earn, and my father hasn't any thing to give me, and I shouldn't be willing to take it if he had. This is our sitting-room—just such chairs and tables and carpet and so forth, you see, as they could spare from home. You mustn't give me credit for the table-cloth and spoons and castors, because they come for you from the coffee-house. This is my little bedroom—rather musty; but Barnard's *is* musty. This is your bedroom; the furniture's hired for the occasion, but I trust it will answer the purpose; if you should want any thing, I'll go and fetch it. The chambers are retired, and we shall be alone together; but we sha'n't fight, I dare say. But, dear me, I beg your pardon, you're holding the fruit all this time. Pray let me take these bags from you. I am quite ashamed."

As I stood opposite to Mr. Pocket, Junior, delivering him the bags, One, Two, I saw the starting appearance come into his own eyes that I knew to be in mine, and he said, falling back:

"Lord bless me, you're the prowling boy!"

"And you," said I, "are the pale young gentleman!"

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

On Friday, 8th, in the Senate, the resolution for extending the time for receiving testimony with regard to the M'Cormick reaper, was called up by Senator Wade, of Ohio, and the special order being postponed, debate upon it was continued at considerable length by Senators Wade, Douglas, Fessenden, and others. The resolution was finally passed. This action, it is understood, will have the effect of defeating the proposed extension of the patent.——In the House, a message was received from the President inclosing the correspondence between himself and Colonel Hayne, Special Envoy from South Carolina, relative to the surrender of Fort Sumter to the authorities of that State. It is seen from these documents that the demand for the surrender of the Fort is peremptory, and that the refusal to surrender is quite as positive. The House then resumed consideration of the report of the Committee of Thirty-three, and speeches were made by Messrs. Hatton, of Tennessee, who protested forcibly against his State being dragged into secession; Kellogg, of Illinois, who made a speech in vindication of Mr. Lincoln and the Republican Party; and Smith, of North Carolina, who said that his State would never be a party to the destruction of the Union so long as her rights and honor were safe within it. An evening session was held, at which several speeches were made to almost empty benches.

On Saturday 9th, in the Senate, the Naval Appropriation bill was passed. The Chairman of the Committee of Conference on the amendments to the Deficiency Bill reported their inability to agree, and the Committee was discharged. A motion made by Senator Hale, that the Senate recede from its amendments, was laid over under the rule.——In the House, Mr. John Cochrane offered a resolution making inquiries of the Secretary of the Treasury on the subject of the seizure of New York ships at Savannah, which was amended so as to include an inquiry relative to the seizure of arms destined for the South, by the Police of New York, when objection was made to its consideration, and Mr. Cochrane gave notice that he intended to call it up next day. A resolution was adopted, calling upon the President for the correspondence between our Government and that of Peru since 1853, relative to the free navigation of the Amazon and its tributaries. On motion of Mr. Corwin, of Ohio, the vote on the report of the Committee of Thirty-three was still further postponed, until next Thursday, and debate upon the report was continued until the adjournment. The postponement is in consequence of a desire to await the action of the Peace Conference.

On Monday, 11th, in the Senate, Senator Green, of Missouri, offered a resolution, which was laid over, asking the President to communicate any correspondence which may have occurred relative to the extradition of the fugitive slave, Anderson. Another Conference Committee on the Deficiency Bill was appointed. A petition for a Territorial Government in Nevada was presented. The Naval Appropriation Bill was then taken up, and occupied attention during the remainder of the day. The appropriations for the Pensacola Navy-yard were stricken out. Senator Hale, of New Hampshire, offered an amendment providing for the building of seven steam sloops of war. Senator Hunter, of Virginia, opposed it, as it looked too much like an intention to coerce seceding States. It was advocated by Senators Grimes, of Iowa; Fessenden, of Maine; and King, of New York. The debate was not closed.——In the House, a preamble and resolution were offered by Mr. Craige, of North Carolina, and referred to the Committee on Foreign Relations, instructing the President to recognize the existence of a Southern Confederacy, and to receive in their official capacity such Commissioners as may be sent by the Government of that Confederacy to Washington. A resolution offered by Mr M'Clernand, of Illinois, was adopted, calling upon the President for information relative to the seizure of the Mint and Custom-house at New Orleans. Mr. Ferry, of Connecticut, offered a resolution, which was objected to by Mr. Winslow, of North Carolina, instructing the Judiciary Committee to inquire into the expediency of amending the Constitution so as to make it impossible for any State to secede without the consent of all the States. Mr. Sickles, of New York, offered a resolution, which was adopted, recommending the celebration of the anniversary of the birth of Washington, the 22d of February, as a national holiday. Mr. Palmer, of New York, introduced two resolutions—the first declaring that neither the Federal Government nor the people of the Northern States have a purpose or constitutional right to interfere with slavery in any State of the Union; and the other asserting that the number of people in the North not subscribing to the sentiments of the first were too insignificant in number to be worthy of notice. These resolutions excited a very lively debate, but the first one finally passed by a vote of 106 to 4—not a quorum. Further debate and explanations then ensued, and it was again passed, 116 to 4. A reconsideration was carried, and, after still further debate, Mr. Sherman, of Ohio, offered a substitute, declaring that neither Congress nor the Legislatures of non-slaveholding States have the right to legislate upon the subject of slavery in the slaveholding States. This appeared to give satisfaction to every body, and it was passed unanimously. Mr. Palmer's second resolution was not considered—it being superseded by that of Mr. Sherman. Mr. Sickles offered a resolution calling upon the Secretary of the Treasury for information relative to interference with the enforcement of the Revenue laws in the seceded States. It was amended, on motion of Mr. Burnett, of Kentucky, by adding an inquiry relative to the concentration of troops at Washington, and passed.

On Tuesday, 12th, in the Senate, among the petitions presented was one by Senator Crittenden, from 23,230 citizens of Massachusetts, asking for the adoption of his compromise. He accompanied its presentation with a few congratulatory remarks; and was followed by Senator Sumner, who declared that those who signed the petition could not have known what they were asking for—that the proposed compromise went even further than the Breckinridge platform in its guarantees to Slavery. A colloquy in reference to the subject took place between Senators Crittenden and Sumner, which was finally stopped by a motion to consider the special order—the Navy Appropriation bill. The proposition under discussion was to amend, by adding an appropriation for building seven steam sloops of war. Senator Green, of Missouri, addressed the Senate on the general subject of the national troubles, and at the conclusion of his remarks the amendment was adopted, and the bill was passed—Senators Bigler of Pennsylvania, Douglas of Illinois, Johnson of Tennessee, and Latham of California voting in the affirmative.——In the House, Mr. Sherman, of Ohio, Chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means, presented a letter from the Secretary of the Treasury, exhibiting the condition of the Treasury, and asking for the passage of some measure of relief. It states that the liabilities due and to fall due before the 4th of March next are nearly $10,000,000. The accruing revenue will, it is estimated, net about $2,000,000, leaving $8,000,000 to be borrowed. There is in the Treasury, subject to draft, a little more than $500,000, while drafts to about $20,000,000 are unanswered. The short time to elapse before the close of the present session renders it indispensable for the Secretary to advertise for a loan immediately. Mr. Sherman accompanied the letter with a bill to meet its demands, and asked for its immediate passage. Mr. Garnett, of Virginia, objected, and, under the rules, it was laid over. A unanimous report from the Special Committee on the abstraction of the Indian Trust Bonds was presented by Mr. Morris, of Illinois, the Chairman, and, after considerable objection, it was read. The Senate's amendments to the Pacific Railroad bill were then considered, and occupied attention till the adjournment. The debate was participated in by a number of members, and finally closed with an interchange of opinions relative to the effect of the recent election in Virginia.

On Wednesday, 13th, in the Senate, the bill to carry out the treaty with New Granada was taken up and passed. The Tariff Bill was taken up, and Senator Seward gave notice that he should move to strike out that portion abolishing the warehousing system. The bill was laid over without action, and the bill for the better organization of the militia of the District of Columbia was considered for some time, and finally recommitted to the Committee on Military Affairs for modification. The Senate soon afterward adjourned.——In the House, in joint convention, the Senators and Representatives assembled to witness the counting of the Electoral votes, and to hear the result declared. The galleries of the House were densely crowded, and the scene was very animated. Vice-President Breckinridge opened the packages, and declared their contents, and at the conclusion of these formalities announced the result. This done, the Senators withdrew, and business proceeded as usual. Previous to this ceremony, Mr. Sherman, of Ohio, presented another communication from the Secretary of the Treasury, asking for relief for the Treasury, and accompanied it with a bill to accomplish the desired purpose, but Mr. Garnett, of Virginia, as on the previous day, objected to its consideration. Mr. Sherman moved a suspension of the rules, but the matter finally went over for the day.

On Thursday, 14th, in the Senate, a resolution was adopted appointing a Committee to make arrangements for the inauguration of Mr. Lincoln. Bills organizing the Territory of Nevada and to provide a government for Dacotah Territory were reported. A large number of memorials relative to the crisis were presented. The Tariff Bill was taken up, and Senator Hunter spoke against it, and Senator Simmons in its favor. After an Executive Session, during which Mr. Pettit was defeated as Judge for Kansas, the Senate adjourned.——In the House, a Select Committee was appointed, with power to send for persons and papers, to inquire into a charge made in the New York *Times* to the effect that certain seceding members of Congress have fraudulently obtained books from the Congressional Library and appropriated them to their own use. The Pacific Railroad Bill was taken up, and the clause providing that the Central road shall go *via* Fort Riley from the mouth of the Kansas River was struck out. The subject was then laid aside, and Mr. Campbell, of Pennsylvania, made a speech on the crisis. The Special Committee on the alleged conspiracy to attack the capital reported that they are unanimously of the opinion that the evidence produced before them does not prove the existence of a secret organization in Washington or elsewhere hostile to the Government, that has for its object, upon its own responsibility, an attack upon the capital or any other of the public property, or an interruption of any of the functions of the Government. Mr. Branch, of North Carolina, presented a report setting forth that there are seven companies of artillery and one of sappers and miners quartered at the capital, and concluding with the following: "That the quartering of troops of the regular army in this District and around the Capitol, when not necessary for their protection from a hostile enemy, and during the session of Congress, is impolitic and offensive, and, if permitted, may become destructive of civil liberty and, in the opinion of this House, the regular troops now in it ought to be forthwith removed therefrom." This elicited a warm discussion, and the proposition was finally laid on the table by a vote of 125 to 35.

On Friday, 15th, the Senate took up the Tariff Bill. With regard to the warehousing system, Senator Seward moved to amend the bill by altering the time for the payment of duties from ninety days, as provided in the bill, to three years. A discussion ensued; but without taking the question the Senate adjourned.——The proceedings of the House were unimportant.

THE SOUTHERN CONGRESS.

The Convention of the seceding States at Montgomery, on Saturday, 9th, elected a President and a Vice-President for the proposed Southern Confederacy, as follows:

For President—Jefferson Davis, of Mississippi.

For Vice-President—Alex. H. Stephens, of Georgia.

The vote for these gentlemen was unanimous. Previous to this action, the presiding officer was instructed to appoint Committees on Foreign Affairs, on Finance, on Military and Naval Affairs, on Postal Affairs, on Commerce and Patents. All laws of the United States in force on the 1st of November last were continued by special ordinance, and will remain in force until repealed or altered. The Committee on Finance was instructed to report, with promptness, a tariff for raising revenue for the support of the new Government. In the Constitution as adopted there are special provisions for the prohibition of the slave-trade, for the rendition of fugitives, and for the settlement of all matters of territory and public debt with the non-seceding States. In all other particulars the Constitution is identical with that under which the United States have increased from thirteen to thirty-four.

The Southern Congress, on Tuesday, 12th, in secret session, adopted a resolution assuming for the Provisional Government the care of all questions and difficulties now existing between the States of the new Confederacy and the United States, relating to the occupation of the forts, arsenals, dock-yards, and other public establishments. The Governors of the seceding States are to be forthwith notified of this action. The restriction of secrecy was subsequently removed.

On Wednesday, 13th, the Congress adopted a resolution directing the Committee on Military and Naval Affairs to make some provision for the officers who have resigned their commissions. The Committee on Commerce was instructed to report on the expediency of repealing the Navigation Laws. Mr. Brooke offered a resolution in favor of adopting a flag, as nearly as might be, resembling the Stars and Stripes; but after some debate he withdrew it, and the Convention finished the day in secret session.

MR. VICE-PRESIDENT STEPHENS ON THE SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY.

On accepting the Vice-Presidency of the Southern Confederacy, Mr. Stephens said, after thanking the Congress: "It might be expected that I should indulge in some remarks on the state of public affairs, and the dangers which threaten us, and the most advisable measure to be adopted to meet the pressing exigencies. Allow me to say, in the absence of the distinguished gentleman called to the Chief Executive Chair, I think it best to forbear saying any thing on such matters. We expect him in a few days—by Wednesday of this week, if not Providentially detained—when we will hear from him on these difficult questions, and I doubt not we shall cordially and harmoniously concur in the line of policy which his superior wisdom and statesmanship indicate. Meantime we may very profitably be directing our attention to such as providing necessary postal arrangements, making provision for the transfer of the Custom-houses from the jurisdiction of the separate States to the Confederacy, and the imposition of such duties as are necessary to meet the present expected expediencies. The power to raise revenue should be limited to the object of the revenue. A small duty of not exceeding 10 per centum upon importations, it is believed is sufficient. We can also be devoting our attention to a Constitution and permanent Government, stable and durable, which is one of the leading objects of our assembling. I am now ready to take the oath."

PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S ADIEU TO SPRINGFIELD.

On Monday, 11th, at eight A.M., President Lincoln left Springfield. After exchanging a parting salutation with his wife, he took his stand on the platform, removed his hat, and asking silence, spoke as follows to the multitude that stood in respectful silence and with their heads uncovered:

"My Friends,—No one not in my position can appreciate the sadness I feel at this parting. To this people I owe all that I am. Here I have lived more than a quarter of a century, here my children were born, and here one of them lies buried. I know not how soon I shall see you again. A duty devolves upon me which is, perhaps, greater than that which has devolved upon any other man since the days of Washington. He never would have succeeded except for the aid of Divine Providence, upon which he at all times relied. I feel that I can not succeed without the same Divine aid which sustained him; and in the same Almighty Being I place my reliance for support, and I hope you, my friends, will all pray that I may receive that Divine assistance, without which I can not succeed, but with which success is certain. Again I bid you all an affectionate farewell." [Loud applause, and cries of "We will pray for you!"]

Toward the conclusion of his remarks himself and audience were moved to tears. His exhortation to pray elicited choked exclamations of "We will do it, we will do it!" As he turned to enter the cars three cheers were given, and a few seconds afterward the train moved slowly out of the sight of the silent gathering.

HIS SPEECH AT CINCINNATI.

At Cincinnati, on 12th, he said: "I have spoken but once before this in Cincinnati. That was a year previous to the late Presidential election. On that occasion, in a playful manner, but with sincere words, I addressed much of what I said to the Kentuckians. I gave my opinion that we, as Republicans, would ultimately beat them as Democrats, but that they could postpone that result longer by nominating Senator Douglas for the Presidency than they could in any other way. They did not, in any true sense of the word, nominate Mr. Douglas, and the result has come certainly as soon as ever I expected. I also told them how I expected they would be treated after they should have been beaten; and I now wish to call their attention to what I then said upon that subject. I then said: 'When we do as we say, beat you, you perhaps want to know what we will do with you. I will tell you, as far as I am authorized to speak for the Opposition, what we mean to do with you. We mean to treat you, as near as we possibly can, as Washington, Jefferson, and Madison treated you. We mean to leave you alone, and in no way to interfere with your institutions; to abide by all and every compromise of the Constitution, and, in a word, coming back to the original proposition, to treat you so far as degenerate men, if we have degenerated, may, according to the example of those noble fathers, Washington, Jefferson, and Madison.

"'We mean to remember that you are as good as we; that there is no difference between us other than the difference of circumstances. We mean to recognize and bear in mind always that you have as good hearts in your bosoms as other people, or as we claim to have, and treat you accordingly.'

"Fellow-citizens of Kentucky!—Friends and brethren may I call you in my new position—I see no occasion and feel no inclination to retract a word of this. If it shall not be made good, be assured the fault shall not be mine."

HIS SPEECH AT INDIANAPOLIS.

On the same day he spoke at Indianapolis:

"Fellow-Citizens of the State of Indiana,—I am here to thank you much for this magnificent welcome, and still more for the very generous support given by your State to that political cause which I think is the true and just cause of the whole country and the whole world. Solomon says, 'There is a time to keep silence,' and when men wrangle by the mouth, with no certainty that they mean the same thing while using the same word, it perhaps were as well if they would keep silence. The words 'coercion' and 'invasion' are much used in these days, and often with some temper and hot blood. Let us make sure, if we can, that we do not misunderstand the meaning of those who use them. Let us get the exact definitions of these words, not from dictionaries, but from the men themselves, who certainly deprecate the things they would represent by the use of the words. What, then, is 'coercion?' What is 'invasion?' Would the marching of an army into South Carolina, without the consent of her people, and with hostile intent toward them, be invasion? I certainly think it would be 'coercion;' also if the South Carolinians were forced to submit. But if the United States should merely hold and retake its own forts and other property, and collect the duties on foreign importations, or even withhold the mails from places where they were habitually violated, would any or all these things be 'invasion' or 'coercion?' Do our professed lovers of the Union, but who spitefully resolve that they will resist coercion and invasion, understand that such things as these, on the part of the United States, would be coercion or invasion of a State? If so, their idea of means to preserve the object of their great affection would seem to be exceedingly thin and airy. If sick, the little pills of the homeopathist would be much too large for it to swallow. In their view, the Union, as a family relation, would seem to be no regular marriage, but rather a sort of free-love arrangement, to be maintained on passional attraction. By-the-way, in what consists the special sacredness of a State? I speak not of the position assigned to a State in the Union by the Constitution, for that by the bond we all recognize. That position, however, a State can not carry out of the Union with it. I speak of that assumed primary right of a State to rule all which is less than itself, and to ruin all which is larger than itself. If a State and a county, in a given case, should be equal in extent of territory, and equal in number of inhabitants, in what, as a matter of principle, is the State better than the county? Would an exchange of names be an exchange of rights? Upon principle, on what rightful principle, may a State, being no more than one-fiftieth part of the nation in soil and population, break up the nation, and then coerce a proportionably larger subdivision of itself in the most arbitrary way? What mysterious right to play tyrant is conferred on a district of country with its people by merely calling it a State? Fellow-citizens, I am not asserting any thing. I am merely asking questions for you to consider. And now allow me to bid you farewell."

HIS SPEECH AT COLUMBUS.

At Columbus, Ohio, on 13th, he thus spoke to the Legislature and public:

"Mr. President, and Mr. Speaker, and Gentlemen of the General Assembly,—It is true, as has been said by the President of the Senate, that very great responsibility rests upon me in the position to which the votes of the American people have called me. I am deeply sensible of that weighty responsibility. I can not but know what you all know, that without a name, perhaps without a reason why I should have a name, there has fallen upon me a task such as did not rest even upon the Father of his Country; and so feeling, I can not but turn and look for that support without which it will be impossible for me to perform that great task. I turn, then, and look to the American people, and to that God who has never forsaken them. Allusion has been made to the interest felt in relation to the policy of the new Administration. In this I have received from some a degree of credit for having kept silence, and from others deprecation. I still think that I was right. In the varying and repeatedly shifting scenes of the present, and without a precedent which could enable me to judge by the past, it has seemed fitting that before speaking upon the difficulties of the country, I should have gained a view of the whole field, to be sure after all—being at liberty to modify and change the course of policy as future events may make a change necessary. I have not maintained silence from any want of real anxiety. It is a good thing that there is no more than anxiety, for there is nothing going wrong. It is a consoling circumstance that when we look out there is nothing that really hurts any body. We entertain different views upon political questions, but nobody is suffering any thing. This is a most consoling circumstance, and from it we may conclude that all we want is time, patience, and a reliance on that God who has never forsaken this people. Fellow-citizens, what I have said I have said altogether extemporaneously, and will now come to a close."

HIS SPEECH AT PITTSBURGH.

At Pittsburgh (Pennsylvania), he said he would not give them a speech, as he thought it more rare, if not more wise, for a public man. He expressed his gratification and surprise at seeing so great a crowd and such boundless enthusiasm manifested in the right time and under such untoward circumstances to greet so unworthy an individual as himself. This was undoubtedly attributed to the position which more by accident than by worth he had attained. He remarked further that if all these whole-souled people whom he saw this evening before him were for the preservation of the Union, he did not see how it could be in much danger. [Cheering and cries of "Union and no compromise!"] He had intended to say a few words to the people of Pittsburgh, the greatest manufacturing city of the United States, upon such matters as they desired; but as he had adopted the plan of holding his tongue for the most part during the last canvass and since his election, he thought he had perhaps better now still continue to hold his tongue. [Cries of "Go on," "Go on!"] Well, I am reminded that there is an Alleghany City as well as an Alleghany county—the former the banner town and the latter the banner county, perhaps of the world. I am glad to see both of them and the good people of both. That I may not disappoint these, I will say a few words to you to-morrow as to the peculiar interests of Alleghany County.

ANOTHER SPEECH AT PITTSBURGH.

Mr. Lincoln made a speech at Pittsburgh on 15th, which was a carefully considered effort. He spoke upon the crisis and the Tariff Bill now before Congress. With regard to the crisis, he advises every body to keep cool, and predicts a peaceful settlement of all our troubles. Respecting the tariff, he confesses his unacquaintance with the subject, but is of the opinion that the subject should remain over for the next Congress to act upon.

THE PEACE CONVENTION.

On 15th, the committee of the Peace Congress at Washington agreed upon a plan of adjustment. The vote stood 12 to 9.

THE ELECTION IN TENNESSEE.

The recent election in Tennessee was a Union triumph. The latest reports from Tennessee indicate that the triumph of the Union men in the late election was even more sweeping than was supposed from the first returns. Not only were Union delegates to the Convention elected in almost every district, but the people have declared that the Convention itself is unnecessary, and have voted "No Convention" by a large majority.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

BRITISH VIEWS OF SECESSION.

The London *Times* of January 29 has the following comments on Senator Seward's recent speech:

"The American people have seen fit, acting as a nation and in their collective capacity, to create a Government possessing certain definite powers. The remaining functions of Government they have left to be administered within certain territorial divisions called States, and to each of these Governments, acting within its proper powers, every American citizen is bound to pay the same obedience as the people of England do to the laws under which they live. Any individual citizen, therefore, seeking to destroy this Central Government is guilty of treason against it, and the same thing is true of any aggregate of individuals, even should they constitute the majority of the population of a State or several States. The fact that rebellion takes the form of the secession of a State can make no difference, for so long as the Central Government confines itself within its own jurisdiction the State possesses no right whatever against it. The State possesses no greater right collectively than each of its citizens posses individually.

"We are glad to see that these views have at last found expression in the elaborate speech which Mr. Seward, the proximate Prime Minister of Mr. Lincoln, has addressed to the Senate on the state of the Union. These principles should have been laid down and elucidated in the Message from the President now in office; but failing this, it is, at any rate, something to know that they will guide the councils of his successor."

FRANCE.

THE BONAPARTE-PATTERSON CASE.

The Bonaparte-Patterson case came before the Civil Tribunal of the Seine on the 25th of January. A great crowd was in attendance, a place being reserved for journalists and reporters. All parts of the hall were besieged, and a crowd of lawyers pressed round the bar. M. Berryer recounted the preliminaries of Prince Jerome's marriage, and the alliance with the family of General Samuel Smith, "one of the first in the American Republic." "The young lady possessed, together with the natural graces of youth and beauty, the inestimable gifts of an education at once elegant and substantial. As for her mind, it is only necessary to hear her speak, even now. The Prince Jerome Bonaparte was fascinated by her, and through the friendly offices of the Spanish Embassador he sued for her hand." M. Berryer extended his recital of the facts, and alluding to the baptism of Miss Patterson, named, among the witnesses to the rite, three young ladies who are now Lady Stafford, Lady Wellesley, wife of the elder brother of the Duke of Wellington, and a sister of Lady Stafford's, who is the wife of a Peer of England.

BALL OF THE PRINCE IMPERIAL.

"The children's ball, which was lately given by the Princess Mathilde in honor of the Prince Imperial, was," says the *Sport*, "most charming. It commenced at four o'clock in the afternoon, and ended at about eight. The Emperor arrived at four, and the Prince Imperial, who wore the costume of a marquis of the old *régime*, at a quarter past. His Imperial Highness was received by all the little guests, who grouped themselves on his passage. The orchestra was composed of children, all in exceedingly pretty costumes, and the Prince insisted on dancing with the lad who played the flute. Mademoiselle Walewski was attired to represent a butterfly, and the Prince danced several times with her. Mademoiselle Minnetta Vimercati, daughter of the director of the hunting establishment of King Victor Emanuel, was in the costume of a Spanish girl; and the son of Madame Bizot as a postillion of the time of Louis XV."

ITALY.

THE BOMBARDMENT OF GAETA.

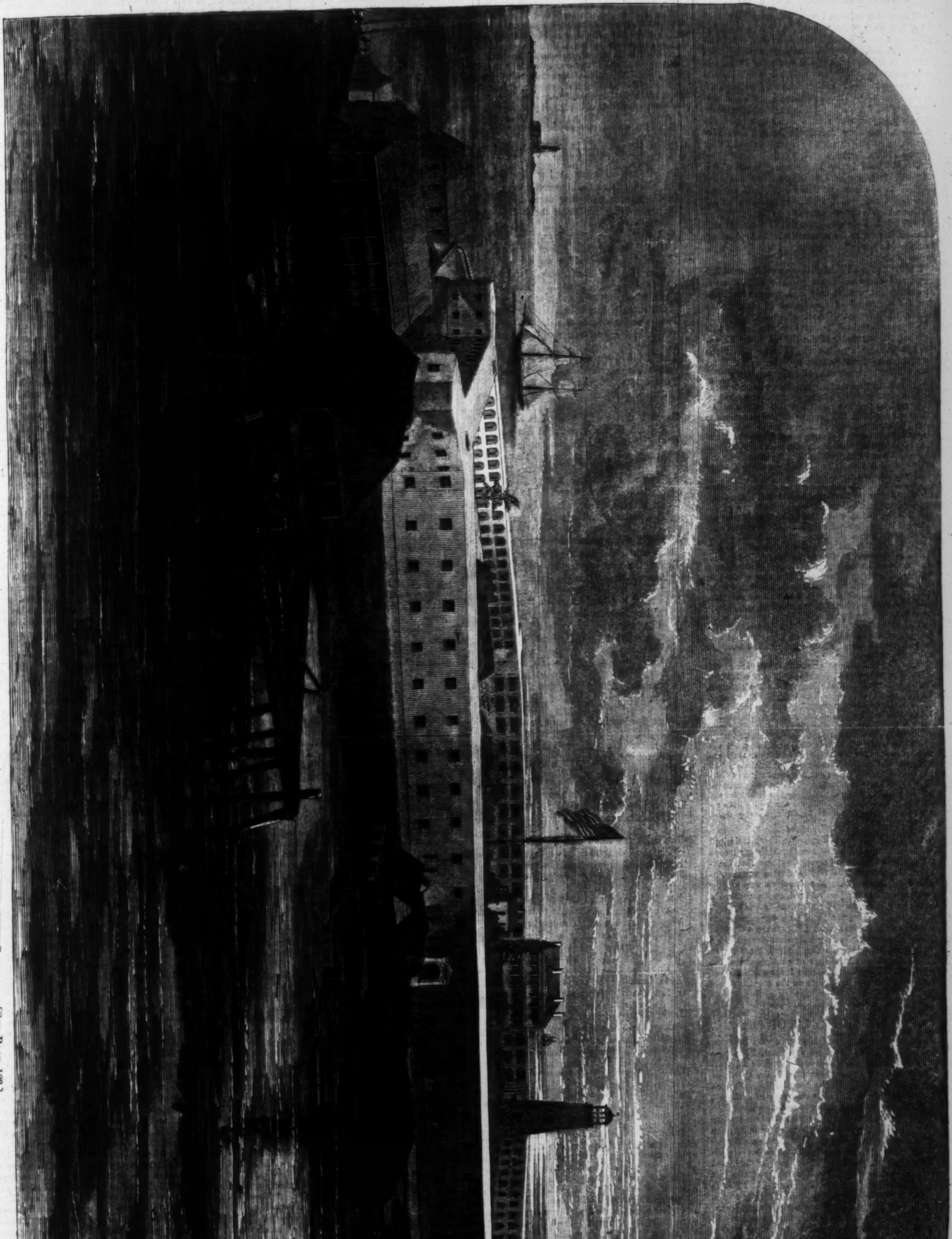
A telegram dated Naples, January 25—5 P.M., says: Yesterday the bombardment of Gaeta was continued by the Sardinian fleet. Gaeta has suffered much from the bombardment. The fire from the batteries of the place is feeble. General Cialdini has lost but few men. A Sardinian gun-boat has been damaged.

Another, dated Naples, January 26, says: The bombardment of Gaeta continues. A treasonable correspondence of high importance, which has been entertained with Gaeta, has been discovered.

Another, dated Genoa, *via* Marseilles, January 25, says: The *Corriere Mercantile* of to-day says: "The bombardment of Gaeta is continued with prodigious effect from the batteries on the land side, conjointly with the powerful co-operation of the fleet. It is hoped that success will attend the efforts of the besiegers in a few days. The fleet withdrew on the 23d, in order to repair damages, after having silenced nearly all the enemy's batteries. It was to recommence the bombardment on the same evening."

A dispatch from Naples of the 29th ult., states that a flag of truce had been sent from Gaeta to the attacking Sardinian fleet, and immediately thereafter the firing on both sides was suspended.

FORT PICKENS, PENSACOLA HARBOR, FLORIDA—LOOKING SEAWARD. FORT M'RAE IN THE DISTANCE.—From a Sketch by Mrs. Lieutenant Gilman, just arrived from Pensacola.—[See Page 122.]



FORT JEFFERSON, TORTUGAS (KEY WEST), FLORIDA.—FROM A SKETCH BY A MEMBER OF THE GARRISON.—[SEE PAGE 122.]

FORT PICKENS, FLORIDA.

WE publish on page 120, from a drawing kindly furnished us by Mrs. Gilman, wife of Lieutenant Gilman, United States Army, second in command at Fort Pickens, a view of that work, showing Fort M'Rae in the distance. The harbor of Pensacola—as is shown by the map published in this journal two weeks since—being the best harbor in the Gulf, is protected by no less than three batteries, exclusive of the Navy-yard. These are Fort Pickens on Rosa Island; Fort M'Rae, a water-battery on the main land, fronting Fort Pickens; and Fort Barrancas, situate near the Navy-yard, between that point and Fort M'Rae.

Fort Pickens is the commanding work of the station. It is a pentagon, with a bastion at each angle. It has a counterscarp and glacis on one (the land) side, mounts guns in barbette on all sides, and has a tier of casemates on the four water sides. Its ditch is usually so full of moccasin and rattlesnakes as to be a peculiarly bad place of transit. In fact, the whole island is infested with them.

If fully equipped Fort Pickens would mount 215 guns, and would require a garrison of 2000 men. It contains, at present, only eighty-seven men, under the command of Lieutenant Slemmer, with whom is Lieutenant Gilman.

We have described, in previous numbers of this journal, the surrender of the United States Navy-yard at Pensacola to the Florida troops, and the occupation of Fort Pickens by Lieutenant Slemmer. Mrs. Slemmer said to a city reporter:

"The exodus from the Barrancas Fort was made necessarily in much haste, there being little time except to hurriedly pack up the most valuable of their articles of furniture and wardrobe. No personal violence was offered to these retreating women and children; but the sudden and peaceable breaking-up of so many peaceful households, and the violent separation of family ties, were cause of great distress. To many the parting of husband and wife was as if for the last time, and tears bedewed many a hardy cheek when the last 'good-by' was spoken.

"The excitement produced upon the officers when they saw their flag at the Navy-yard hauled down, Mrs. Slemmer says, was most intense. It was a sight they never expected to see, and they had never conceived of the deep feeling of humiliation and vexation that the spectacle excited in every breast.

"During the day and night of the evacuation of Barrancas, and the transfer of the garrison to Fort Pickens, every person—men, the officers, and their wives—performed prodigies of labor, and never obtained a wink of sleep for nearly twenty-four hours: and the hard work fell about equally upon all, without regard to rank or sex. The ladies cheerfully performed their part throughout the trying ordeal. On the day following the embarkation of the families on board of the *Supply*, Mrs. Gilman and Mrs. Slemmer, accompanied by officers from the storeship, went on shore under a flag of truce, to obtain a last interview with their husbands.

"Every step of their progress was met by armed officials. They were obliged, first, to obtain permission from the new Commandant of the Navy-yard—Randolph, who ten days before had resigned his commission in the Navy. This was very reluctantly granted, after appeals had been made to him as a husband and father. They then had to pass the Barrancas forts, whose commander, after some hesitation, allowed them to pass. In this place, so lately deserted by these peaceful and happy families, all was now confusion. The undisciplined soldiers or their understrappers had broken open some of the trunks and boxes containing the wardrobes and household relics of Colonel Winder, late Commander, probably in pursuit of clothing for their own use; and they saw ladies' dresses and family daguerreotypes scattered about with little regard to their vaunted respect for the rights of personal property."

At latest dates from Pensacola, the Mississippi troops had returned home, but the Alabama troops were still there, bent on trying to storm Fort Pickens. There were five United States vessels anchored off Pensacola. The *Brooklyn* was among the number, having just arrived, and presented a warlike appearance. The Alabama troops regarded this fleet as a menace, and were disposed to fire into them. The insurgent troops were quartered at the Navy-yard, having taken possession of all the stores belonging to the United States. In fact, it was the only means of subsistence which they had. They had also sent large quantities of these supplies to other points on the coast.

FORT JEFFERSON, TORTUGAS.

WE publish on page 121, from a very accurate drawing sent us from Fort Jefferson, Florida, a picture of that work, which is destined, in all probability, to play a prominent part in the events of the year. On 18th ult. the *Joseph Whitney* landed at this fort Major Arnold's company of artillery, which places it in a position to resist an assault.

This fortification extends over the whole surface of Garden Key, and has an area of over thirteen acres. It is completely closed against surprise by escalade, though its armament is incomplete. The first and second tiers, however, are finished, and the twelve outworks of bastions and curtains can mount three hundred and fifty guns. The fort is further fortified by a wide ditch, reaching to the water, and protected by a strong counterscarp. The guns of the fort command the inner harbor, but the outer bay is beyond their longest range. The whole armament of the fort, when complete, is 450 guns, and the garrison necessary for its defense 1000 men. Captain Meigs, of the engineer corps, is now in command of the fortress, and is in a position now, with Arnold's reinforcement, to defend it against any thing less than a regularly-equipped besieging army.

The following extract from a letter from Key West describes the reinforcement of Fort Jefferson by the *Joseph Whitney*:

"It was on the 18th of January that the *Joseph Whitney* was descried by those maintaining possession of this important fortress. The steamer did not show any flag, and her motions were watched with intense anxiety by Captain Meigs and his small band of laborers, composed of about fifty persons (a part of whom were negroes), engaged in putting the fort in a state of defense. No flag was flying from the fort, and the steamer's company were far from certain that the insurgents had not surprised and captured it. Therefore, to ascertain how matters stood, a boat, in which were the first mate and Lieutenant Benson, went on shore to ascertain the actual posture of affairs with regard to the power holding the post. The relief of Captain Meigs and party may be supposed at receiving the agreeable information that the steamer contained reinforcements with the view of preserving the fort to the United States, instead of a fillibuster party to seize it for traitorous purposes. His gratification was increased by the fact that a rumor had prevailed that a steamer, with an armed force of two hundred men, would be sent from some Florida port to wrest the fort from its rightful possessors."

"Hæc olim meminisse juvabit."

OF pictures hath my soul good store,
  Skilled mistress of encaustic art;
Insatiate, ever gathering more
  In the full chamber of the heart.

And tenderly, in after days,
  The faint and fading lines are scanned,
Memorials of oft-trodden ways,
  Dim sketches of a traveled land.

Then, as she turns them o'er and o'er,
  On some she casts a lingering eye,
Treads and re-treads the dusty floor,
  Would fain, yet can not, lay them by.

That ivied gable why regard?
  That sloping meadow, fringed with wood?
That oaken table hacked and scarred,
  Japanned by many an inky flood?

Beneath that roof the boy has slept;
  Full oft in that green field has played;
O'er that old table laughed and wept;
  Learnt many a line beneath that shade.

As one who in a long ascent
  Looks back the misty vale to scan,
Trace I those scenes, all dimly blent,
  The paths I trod ere toil began.

The hill, where many a summer's day
  To watch the game our master stood;
Below, the merry group at play,
  Above, the overhanging wood.

The long, low boat-house on the shore
  Of lazy, shadow-loving Wear,
Now lashed to spray by laboring oar,
  Now startled by the school-boy's cheer.

The mill, unvexed by clacking wheel,
  Long given to silent, mouldering ease;
Whose waters, idly pent, reveal
  The bole and branch of stately trees.

Three flood-stained arches of a bridge
  Suspended high 'twixt leafy bowers:
The reflex of a shadowy ridge,
  O'ertopped by crumbling Norman towers.

Hard by that solemn house of God
  The turf 'neath which our master lies;
Turf which in sport we lightly trod,
  Life's chances hidden from our eyes.

There let me stand and look my last,
  As once, dear master, at thy side
I stood, and burying all the past,
  Strove hard in joy my grief to hide.

Nor I alone; for in that place
  Where thou hadst taught to love and fear,
Was gathered many a sorrowing face,
  Repressed was many a rising tear.

We brought a gift; but thou didst prize
  The love that made each bosom swell—
Love, beaming forth from honest eyes,
  Love, striving with the word "farewell!"

Love, that on thee and thine attends,
  Locked in the silent breasts of men
Who for thy sake, O best of friends!
  Would live their boyhood o'er again.

FROST PICTURES.

CHAPTER I.

FIFTEEN degrees below zero! The snow creaked beneath the passing wheels as if in pain; wayfarers, muffled yet shivering, hurried by, each blowing a cloud of vapor at every exhalation—icicles clung to the beard and bushy locks of many a hirsute pedestrian; while poor teamsters and stage-drivers swung their stout arms to and fro, and made the cold an excuse for numberless drinks of unexampled strength. From the river a cloud like steam was going up, white and fleecy, while in the docks and along the piers the ribbed ice walled the timbers in a glittering barrier. In many a warm parlor sat rosy children, trying industriously to keep a clear space on the window-pane; but Jack Frost as resolutely repainted its surface, shutting the outer scene from their view.

In a cheerless garret, in one of the wretched houses where poverty huddles and hides, sat a wan, hungry child, vainly trying to keep life and warmth in the blue fingers and stiffening limbs. The scanty supply of fuel was exhausted, and but a few white ashes remained on the hearth to recall the memory of a fire that had been there the day before. Harry, more weak from long illness, worn out with hunger, and heart-sick from loneliness, was silently crying as he sat by the hearth, with his head resting on the old chair beside it, and the poor worn blanket drawn around his shoulders. "Mother, dear mother, where are you! Harry will die here all alone." Then with pain and weariness, the child drew the old arm-chair to the window to watch and wait for her coming, if indeed a more dread visitant should not enter before that time; for Harry knew that the chill and the stupor coming on were fatal symptoms. In quiet despair he drew himself up within the tattered covering, and leaning his head backward, gazed dreamily on the tracery the frost had woven on the shattered pane; for Jack Frost is no aristocrat, and his patterns are as beautiful and complicated on the cracked surface of the poor man's window as on the polished French plate of the brown stone front.

Harry gazed on the fairy pictures idly until fancy showed him landscape and waterfall, forest and streamlet; and their changing forms blended with his dreams while the chilling life-blood grew colder and stiller. There seemed to be the grove of nodding trees and the grassy dell where he was born. There was even the tiny cataract behind the house, and the winding road beyond the brook. Soon it changed, and there seemed a mournful funeral train, and he knew that it was headed by his father's bier. The feathery evergreens lined the way, and plumes were on the horses' heads. Shadowy mourners, ghost-like and weird, were following close behind, and their long garments trailed along the way.

Then, like the changes of the magic lantern, he saw a sunny open sea, where the wooded islands seemed bathed in eternal sunshine, and myriads of white-winged birds circled over the gleaming expanse. And even as he looked the snowy figures took the form of angels, white-winged and white-robed, who seemed to beckon. Still, as in a dream, he saw the spirit band bending over a dying child, folding the cold limbs in their embrace, and gliding slowly, swiftly on and up through the clear sky, to vanish there. His eyes were shut now, the poor hand sunk helpless beside him, and the faint flicker of the heart-beat was the only token of life remaining.

CHAPTER II.

AND the boy's mother—where was she when her child was dying of cold and hunger? In one of the aristocratic houses on the Avenue the poor seamstress waited as patiently as she might the payment of her bill. She was in Mrs. May's nursery, whither she had been directed to wait that lady's coming, as soon as she could leave her guests; for the house was vocal with the sound of merry laughter, as one after another arrived, and came tripping up the stairs to lay aside their warm bright wrappings, and the glitter of silver and glass in the dining-room below betokened a dinner party. Mrs. More stood by the fire warming her chilled fingers, but with a deadly chill at her heart as she thought of the suffering child at home. She glanced from the window, and found that the wintry sun had almost set, and she felt inclined to go home penniless as she had come. "Wait a few moments," Mrs. May had said, and now an hour had passed away. The servants were all out of her reach; she could not intrude herself among the brilliant guests below, even if she had known the way thither. She glanced around the room where she sat, and her eye fell on the child's bed, where the soft warm blanket and pillows were ready to infold the little sleeper. Then, as she remembered her own bright, noble boy in his rickety chair and tattered covering at home, she groaned aloud, and fairly wrung her hands in agony. The tears, so bravely kept back, were falling now like rain, for the thin hand could not check them; and, unstrung by want and sorrow, she could not be brave any longer.

A slight rustle, a tiny footfall, and a childish voice at her side lisping out, "Is you sick?" roused her; and she looked with wonder at the little creature that stood beside her in rosy robes and floating ribbons, with blue eyes like stars amidst a cloud of golden ringlets, the tiny hands clasped behind her as she bent forward to look in her face, "Is you sick?" and the sweet sympathy of childhood for sorrow and woe dimmed her blue eyes as she repeated her query. It was some moments before she could speak to tell the grief that was so heavy at her heart. Gravely and silently the baby-angel listened, still with the small hands clasped behind her, until the short tale was told, when she said, with a smile, "I know—mamma fordot;" and away she bounded, leaving a hope and a prayer in the seamstress's heart. It was not many moments before she returned dragging mamma by her rich robe, saying, all the way as she came up stairs, one foot at a time, "You fordot, didn't you, mamma?"

Pretty little Mrs. May, with her bright attire and cheeks all aglow, came hurrying in so full of compunction for her carelessness, of heart-felt sorrow for her fault, that, sorely tried as Mrs. More had been, she could not feel angry longer. The bill was soon adjusted; but in her quick way Mrs. May said, "Wait!" and off she flew. "Here, Sarah, right away! get a basket. Now a big quilt from the room up stairs; and, Thomas—quick!—be ready to take this bundle—put in as much wood and coal as you can carry. Sarah, go to cook for some cold meat, and—I'll get a bottle of wine, and Lilly shall help put up sugar and tea for us." And thus she flew around chattering, and adding to the burden until the stout serving-man began to eye it askance, and afterward remarked to the cook, "That the missus hadn't no reason in her at all, sendin' sich cart-loads of things to onst." And the said cook, being in a severe mood, echoed the sentiment—"Jest like her, sending you out when it's most dinner-time!" and she punched the game she was preparing for the fire viciously. Small difference it would have made to Mrs. May at that moment what their views might be. She was too full of self-reproaches to heed them; and after she had dispatched the messenger and received Mrs. More's heart-felt thanks, she did what just such a warm-hearted, careless little woman would be sure to do—she "had a good cry," and scolded herself in this wise: "Freezing and starving, and I was keeping her waiting. I'll never be good for any thing, I am afraid." Then Lilly's soft voice and caress recalled her, and she bathed her eyes and smoothed her thick ringlets anew; and if there was in her manner that night a new grace, and in her eye a new light, it was the grace of humility when she remembered duty procrastinated, and the glow of charity from the outgushing of a warm heart.

Through the long avenues, down the cold, dark alley, and up, up to the cheerless room walked, or rather ran, poor Mrs. More with a step so rapid that Thomas could scarcely keep pace with her. But when the crazy door was opened, and the white form of the little child was seen in the chair pale and stiff, when from the blue lips no answering caress greeted the poor mother, stout-hearted Thomas fairly quailed before her bitter grief. At first they thought him dead, but a faint flutter of the heart and a tremor of the eyelids gave them hope. Pouring wine down his throat, rubbing his stiffened limbs, and wrapping him close in the warm covering they had brought, at last they saw the life slowly ebbing back; and by the time the fire was lighted on the hearth the boy opened his eyes as if in a dream, and smiled as he spoke that one dear word "Mother."

For a long while in the years that came after this, when Mrs. More and her son had gone off to the country, and they met no more, Lilly would listen to no story with so much pleasure as this; and when she inclined to put off until to-morrow what was the task for to-day, as she was very likely to do, Mrs. May would only touch her hand lightly and say, "Lilly, we remember Harry More, don't we, and how sorry mamma was that she put off her duty?" and the work was done without another word. Years rolled away, and lent new beauty to the angel face of Harman May's only daughter; and the world wondered that she should be so good as well as beautiful—that her charities were so prompt, her promises so truly kept, and her kind deeds so thoughtfully planned and executed.

CHAPTER III.

HARMAN MAY had dined, had smoked half a choice Havana, and read a few items of news, as he sat in his favorite chair one evening a dozen years after the date at which our story commences. Now it was no unusual thing for him to dine, still less to smoke or read after that, but to lay down paper or cigar until either was quite finished was unusual. So Mrs. May, a little stouter and more matronly than in that by-gone time, looked up, and her frank brown eyes propounded an inquiry, and Lilly glanced up from her book and forgot the thread of the story therein contained, and thought to herself that her father, albeit his hair was iron gray and his form a trifle bent, was much handsomer than the adorable Don Louis Extravada of the novelist. Another whiff of the cigar, and he rose, turned his back to the fire, and announced, "I am going to Millow to-morrow. I have heard a great deal to make me uneasy; the mill is badly managed; the accounts are unsatisfactory; I am afraid the operatives are not fairly managed; and I did not like Gilbert's manner when I questioned him about it when he was here last week. I thought him a very trust-worthy young man when I sent him up there; but—I don't know."

"But, Harman, it is so cold and snowy," began his wife; but he answered quickly,

"Can't help it; I never put any thing off, you know." She dropped her eyes, for she remembered the lesson on that precept, and smiled, wondering meanwhile if he intended the reproof.

"Oh, father, may I go too?" pleaded Lilly, "to improve in skating, you know: oh, I should enjoy it so much, and Furnace Pond would be splendid! Carrie Wyman wrote me to come out sometime in the winter;" and her face was all aglow with excitement as she coaxed, holding fast to her father's button as pertinaciously as ever an office-seeker did the like by a member of the House.

"Nonsense, child, you would freeze to death!" was the first answer to her request; and the last was, "Well, well, if mother says Yes, you may go: ten o'clock to-morrow, no delay for trunks and flounces to be packed. Skates all ready, warm cloak and hood all you need. No conquests to be made at Millow, I warrant." And thus it was arranged, and the evening of the next day saw them safely at their destination; and Lilly's dreams were full of visions of skating like a bird, with Carrie Wyman's pleasant laughter for music. The Wymans were old friends, and the réunion was very delightful to both, and Lilly hoped that the business would not be adjusted very soon. So with those dreams and hopes passed the first night.

There was considerable confusion in her ideas when she woke in the morning as to where she was, who she was, and what was the meaning of the mill-bell ringing so early, instead of the noise of vehicles rolling by and the milkman's shrill yell, which sounds saluted her waking ears in her city home. Then the sunshine came peeping in at the window by her bedside, and, leaning on her elbow, she saw the bright, beautiful country snow-scene—the glittering rime on every bush, the very roads white and pure, and far off the shining ice of Furnace Pond.

Then breakfast—and away the two girls started for a walk on the hard snow, to plan out walks and sleigh-rides and skating parties innumerable; and Mr. May to the counting-room of the mill, where no sign of life betokened the faithful agent who was supposed to be there on all occasions. The said young gentleman was at that moment just about arraying himself for a hunting expedition, after which he proposed to hire a team and proceed to the next town for a pleasure excursion, and settle all bills out of the money deposited in his hands for the purchase of wool and for the payment of the few hands engaged in some minor operations during the stoppage of the big wheel, which was now fast fettered by the thick ice. The knowledge of

all this came to Mr. May by slow degrees, and it was not until the last moment that he would yield to the conviction of Gilbert's dishonesty, for Harman was slow to believe evil of any one. The polished manner and winning address of his agent had blinded him too long to his real character, and even yet he received the excuse of the recreant with a tolerable good grace, resolving to wait the revelations that should be made. At Mr. Wyman's instigation he had put the books in the hands of a young man who was in his employ as lawyer's clerk—a student of rare talents and unblemished character, shy and poor, but proud and ambitious. Mr. May had seen him twice on the village street, and Carrie had often met him on the ice, for this recreation was his only one. He was a famous skater, and on the loneliest part of Furnace Pond he might be seen in the last glow of the winter afternoon gliding hither and thither like a swallow.

It was the third day of their stay that Harman May and his old friend Lewis Wyman bent their steps to the distant spot where the bright-hued garments and ringing laughter alike directed the eye and ear where all the lads and lasses were frolicking so merrily. There was the village beauty, Grace Taylor, in her close pelisse and flying ringlets; Bessy Tower, petite and graceful; and a host besides: for the Millow girls were most accomplished in this merry sport, and their attendant beaux found it an exciting race to overtake them. Lilly had considered herself quite a skater on the Central Park pond—her feet were shod in the most artistic manner, but still these village girls would outdo her. With her round velvet hat perched on the top of her brown curls, its feather shading the fairest cheek and brightest eye in the crowd, her piquant form displayed to the best advantage by the basque she wore, she certainly did look very lovely. Mr. Gilbert seemed to think so as he wheeled up in front of her to renew an acquaintanceship which he remembered and which she had forgotten. She acknowledged his greeting like a lady as she was, and accepted his proffered hand to try a longer stretch than she had dared hitherto. The lonely skater, wrapped in his dark Scotch plaid shawl, was flitting to and fro like a comet, here and there, his pale cheeks flushed with the fresh wind, and his dark curling hair blown in confusion around his cap. Skates of the most primitive construction seemed to bear him with an ease and grace that Frank Gilbert, with patent foot-gear of wonderful construction and adaptation, failed to equal. Nevertheless Lilly enjoyed the swift run up the lake toward the upper end, then turning, they swept around its curving shore, and away down toward the mill. The ice grew thinner near the dam, and was pronounced unsafe; but in spots where the current was not so strong there were fields of action untouched, as smooth as glass, and apparently as hard as the rocks. As they came nearer they encountered the lonely skater, and Gilbert called to him: "Hal, is it safe by the dam?"

Hal ground his heel sharply, and arrested his career in a moment, answering politely but truly: "Safe for you; the lady does not skate fast enough."

He touched his cap respectfully as he turned away, and his thoughts were somewhat after this fashion:

She is very lovely! What sweet, tender, haunting eyes, and what heavenly goodness in her fair face! I have never met a city girl before who was not haughty and disagreeable. Heigh-ho! I wonder if I offended her by criticising her skating. Can't help it; she must *not* go there.

In truth, the little lady was piqued more than she cared to own; and when Gilbert said, "Hal is a bit of a coward," she felt inclined to assent; and yet she remembered the firm, manly tone and kindly care expressed in his answer, and couldn't quite decide whether she would submit to his decision or not. She was foolish enough to feel annoyed, at all events; and when her companion led her nearer, she herself proposed a run across the limits. Her father shouted from the bank; but she could not turn—already the thin ice bent and cracked beneath her. If she could have held on her way she might still have bridged the treacherous chasm in safety; but she grew frightened and confused, and her traitor companion let go her hand at the first sharp crack of the ice, and scrambled ingloriously to the shore. There seemed no help; for the treacherous ice crashed beneath her hesitating feet and broke away from her clutching hand. The cold water surged up around her struggling form as she battled thus. Stout men shuddered, but dared not go where their heavy weight would only add to her danger. Messengers were dispatched for rails and ropes, but her strength was going fast. Her frame was chilled and tired with the fruitless struggle; for the ice around the spot where she was submerged bent beneath the pressure of her arms. Ah, Harman May! is it thus you must see her die before your eyes, and scarce beyond the reach of your hand, and yet must she perish?

His screams of agony rung back from the hillsides, and mingled with the stifled shrieks of his drowning child; and it was only by force that they held him back from a share in her fate. But the lonely skater—he—he is coming! Will he dare—? We left him ruminating on the beauty of the "city girl," and reproaching himself lest he had spoken too roughly to her. In an idle dream he was whirling around a rocky point toward a more unfrequented part of the pond, when he heard the shrieks that were uttered, first in warning and then in terror. He stopped a moment to tighten his skates, and as he flew toward the spot he loosened the long plaid shawl that he wore. On—on he came, and his fearless flight seemed to inspire hope in the midst of despair. Nearer still he came to the fatal spot. The spectators that lined the shore almost held their breath while they watched him unwinding the shawl as he circled the fatal breach, his arrowy speed carrying him safely where the treacherous support bent beneath his flying feet. Circling once more nearer still, he found a firmer spot where he could stand. Quick as thought, with the words, "Hold up your arms!"—which words the pale child had still consciousness enough left to understand—he left the plaid trailing at one end, and seizing the other he swept around the crumbling circuit to the firm, thick ice beyond, when, gathering both ends, he found that his plan had succeeded, and she was safe within the loop, with life enough left to comprehend and aid the plan for her deliverance. Gently, carefully he drew the drenched Lilly from her perilous position to a spot of safety, from whence they reached the shore; and while Harman May, with broken sobs, blessed her deliverer, such a shout went up from the shores of Furnace Pond as never echoed there before. Again and again; and Lilly started to hear an old, unforgotten name ringing out on the winter air, "Three cheers for Harry More! Brave Harry More!"

"Do you hear, father? it is Harry More!" then the tense nerves gave way, and she passed into unconsciousness.

It was two or three days before she recovered from the shock she sustained; and at the end of that time she heard that Harry More, the hero of the past event, was placed at the head of the mill for the present, and the recreant Gilbert had left for parts unknown. When the next bright summer came Lilly seemed to find an unusual attraction in visiting her friend Carrie Wyman; and her cheeks would burn beautifully when she heard the well-known step in the hall of "brave Harry More." When Mr. May told her, one fine evening, that he had decided to take him into the firm, and asked her what she thought about it, she only said, "Oh, father!" and hid her face in the high velvet collar of the paternal coat. He added, mischievously, "You prevented his freezing to death once, and he returned the compliment; so, I suppose—Well, well, I won't tease you, Lilly!" and the blushing face received a kiss.

CHAPTER IV.

FROST on the windows again, and two tiny childish artists are trying to make pictures of their own on the whitened pane, describing thereon mamma's and papa's portrait, and the likeness of the last, when completed, is finished with the bushy curls of Harry More; while the faithful portraiture of mamma is adorned with the long ringlets of Lilly—More. In the back-ground the said papa and mamma are laughing, and recalling those olden times, and declaring that Jack Frost certainly had a hand in one wedding at least.

CHAINS—SILKEN AND OTHERWISE.

ULNA sat her steed well. Her favorite was a splendid bay of the Morgan breast and muscle—glossy, smooth, perfect in curve, strong and neat of sinew and limb; a breathing representative of the American dual idea, lightness and strength. Ulna was fearless, even when her beautiful bay quivered beneath her with premonitions of high-bred impatience or downright anger.

A proud and beautiful woman on horseback, well-seated, leaning to pat the arched neck, erect, tightening rein upon restless bits; tossing with the dancing steed, plume waving, cheeks aglow, eyes flashing—this is the perfection of thrill-giving beauty.

To-day the party was large enough to be joyous. There was Nettie, a light, girlish, little thing, on a beautiful pony; and Frank, with her plump, pretty figure, and red, round cheeks. There was Dallas, smooth and trim in cloth and feature; King, tall, black-eyed, and black-bearded; and Gray, of the "handsome" fraternity. They were all well-acquainted, in good health, on horseback, and, of course, gay.

They sought by-ways, winding through forests under broad-branched trees, chatting easily along; or swept over plains with the speed of wind, and the bell-like laughter of human voices floating in tenor and bass upon the air. Ulna led these wild sweeps, and looked back upon the galloping bevy with a saucy turn of the head—only King by her side. It was bold riding for even him; but he was proud, dark, determined—a fit attendant of the wild creature with whose flying steed his own gaunt Arab wrestled neck and neck.

They had turned, and were waiting for the group to come up, in exhilarant conversation, noting the panting of the horses, and watching the lingering sunset.

"This last gallop was a famous one," said Ulna. "A brave cavalier, Monsieur King;" bowing and smiling.

"I must needs be to attend Mademoiselle."

"Thank you! I should be sorry to put a friend at fault. But there are berries by the wall there. I will dismount, Mr. King."

In lifting her to the ground Ulna's curls lay an instant on his shoulder, and his beard swept her cheek. When she glanced into his eyes they had a fierce, deep meaning—love, passion, and admiration blended. She looked down.

"Ulna, I love you with my whole soul, passionately. I can not keep the secret longer. Tell me you love me, and will be my wife."

His wooing was as the lion woos; for the blood in his veins was hot and turbulent as it came from his Spanish mother.

Ulna looked up, pale, but quite calm, and said, simply,

"Never, Mr. King."

"A brief answer truly, Miss Ulna, and scarcely courteous. May I ask why you speak so decisively?" He was very pale now.

"Forgive me, and let me tell you frankly. I admire you, Mr. King—not love—I did not say love"—for he caught the first words with a sudden flash of the eyes; "I admire your fearlessness, pride, decision; but I can never be the wife of such a man."

"You have not answered me yet, Miss Ulna."

"I know it; but I will. You know something of my habits—that is my favorite horse, and no lady ever rode him but me. I was never controlled. I can not be. The mere attempt raises within me a something which is a thousand times stronger than myself. If I were yours, you would hate me and I should hate you. It can not be, Sir. I like you where you now are"—and her tones softened—"you know that very well, Mr. King; but if you had a right to lay your hand on me I should rebel, and we should hate one another;" and Ulna stood flashing over the thought with a bright glow in her cheeks and her red lips pressed together.

"Then you will marry a dolt, Miss Ulna."

"No, Sir. But I shall not marry a man who will think of controlling me. Perhaps he will be a dolt, Sir—indeed, I suppose he will." Ulna laughed. "But there is another alternative, which you seem to have forgotten—I shall not marry at all, Mr. King."

The party came up; the berries were gathered with some vivacity, but a something had crept upon the spirits of all. Only two of the party knew what it was.

Riding up the avenue to Ulna's door just in that early dusk which scarcely softens tints, the troop passed a stranger walking leisurely up the path among the trees.

"Angry in spite of myself," thought King, lifting Ulna from her stirrup, and turning to say the good-bys. True. The finger of passion had written it in red on his cheeks.

"I shall do myself the pleasure to see you to-morrow," he said, bowing, his hand on the bridle-rein of his Arab. He had well-nigh been thrown, for carelessly touching foot to stirrup, the horse sprang with one of its wild impulses, and for a moment it seemed that the animal would crush him under his hoofs. King turned angrily pale, and clutched the bridle-rein vigorously; but Arab held his head high, snorted, stood on his haunches, almost lifting his master by the rein. Again for an instant he was still, only quivering with nervous tension. King lifted a foot toward the stirrup, and the struggle came on again.

Just then the stranger came toward the group, and for a moment stood looking on. Of medium height, in brown coat, dusty boots, with a light beard and fair complexion. He advanced when the second struggle was waning, and bowing to King, reached his hand for the rein. King placed it there. He caught the eye of Arab, held it a moment, touched the neck with his hand, laid his fingers on the eyes.

"You can mount now."

The next moment King was plunging spurs and sweeping stormily down the avenue, and the stranger, with a bright tint in his cheeks, was bowing himself from the troop, and entering the house.

Ulna met him next day at dinner. He was an architect, called by her father.

A black coat and dustless boots improved upon the toilet of the day before. Ulna was not in a talkative mood as it chanced; nor hungry, so she crumbled bits of bread, gave an occasional word, and noted the conversation of others. She marveled at the exhibition of control which Mr. Rawle had given on the preceding evening. His style was certainly not commanding. If his face had not actual delicacy of tint, it wanted little of it, and was very far from the ruggedness which suggests strength. "Light frame, fair complexion, blue eyes—these are not concomitants of power," thought Ulna.

When they rose from the table Ulna had heard every thought expressed by Mr. Rawle during dinner, and had received each opinion as truth. And yet she was quite unconscious of this.

The site of the new villa was under discussion for a week. Ulna chose a bluff close by the river side; and it would have been planted there, but one morning Mr. Rawle took her to a height far back from the water sweeping down to it with irregular undulations, guarded on the left by a grove of rugged native trees, and pointed out its advantages. Ulna was slightly piqued by the suggestiveness of the act; but in spite of it and herself her former preferences melted, and the cottage crowned the latter height.

Mr. Rawle fell easily into the family circle. Every thing in their intercourse was quiet and natural, yet never sluggish or dull. If talk came spontaneously, it flowed. If not, silence itself was unconstrained and agreeable. Sense was uppermost when sense was the mood; nonsense was dominant when the fit was on.

The first time they rode together she tried his mettle—led him a brave, wild race over a beaten road and a broad prairie. There was the difference between this flying ride and that other with King, that Mr. Rawle was unheated—quiet when they slackened as though unconscious of the test. Never again in all the three months had Ulna an impulse to dash away thus.

One evening at tea a point of theology came up. Ulna's mind was of the speculative cast, fascinated always by these fathomless reasonings. She stated her point stoutly, with flushing and fire. Mr. Rawle looked at her; and never in her life saw Ulna such power in a mild blue eye, nor in any eye of any color. It seemed to drink her fire; and thus, with a word or two, simply spoken and fitting the point, it disarmed her. Her voluntary assent was the first conscious yielding of her life. Mr. Rawle seemed not aware of any triumph.

Ulna thought this over in her chamber. It vexed her there.

At noon of this day King was in. Darker, more fitful than ever. Ulna's vexation made her very courteous, however, and the man became calm, thence playful. An hour's ramble by the river side with a bevy of girls broke the afternoon into halves, and made it pleasant.

"An' was it yer honor as was wishing to see me?" asked a son of the ocean Emerald, meeting them on their way to the water. Mr. Rawle said "Yes," and stepping up to honest Pat, who stood in bespattered trim, hat doffed, and overflowing with reverence, gave his hand, saying,

"I blamed you this morning, my good fellow, and I find I was wrong. Will you forgive me?"

"An' shure an' is it the likes o' ye as begs pardon ov sich as poor Pat? Forgive ye! an' troth I will that, Misther Rawle, an' ask yer pardon to boot fur listenin' to the words from your gintleman lips."

So saying the overwhelmed Hibernian bowed himself down the street with amusing obsequiousness.

It seemed that Pat was employed on the foundation of the new cottage; and that morning Mr. Rawle, finding a blunder in the brick-work of a corner, had chided him with some severity. It turning out, however, that Pat was not the author of the mischief, Mr. Rawle had sent for him.

Under the sweeping willows dipping their slender fingers, under dark, fragrant cedars overhanging and shading crystal play-grounds of minnows, a fallen tree-trunk lay prone upon the water, reaching into the stream. Ulna was gleeful and essayed to go out. King checked her. The girl's eyes flashed with all the unrestrainedness of her nature, and her tiny foot sprang to the tree. A hand touched her shoulder—Mr. Rawle's. She knew it, and looked round to his face with as high, half-indignant resolve as ever made her cheeks flush. But she lost it, and her purpose melted under his earnest look and quiet words.

"It is not safe," he said. "Pancks!" and a noble black dog came bounding to his side. Mr. Rawle gave a gesture of command, and the dog sprang out on the tree-trunk. The decayed thing broke, giving Pancks a wetting.

Ulna surrendered. She had met her master—a master whose power was so actual that he seemed unconscious; and yet here was its charm.

Ulna loved, consciously; not as many love, but absorbingly. This one of all the wide world was fitted for her—so it seemed; indeed, so it was. But Mr. Rawle said nothing of love. As the time of his departure drew near there was an added tenderness in his tones, and an added depth in his eyes; but that was all. When he went away he took her trembling hand and said:

"Ulna, we have need of strength to bear what is given us by the All-wise. You are much to me. You will never be less. Can we trust one another; and will you be happy?"

The tumult of emotion became still; and Ulna thought "yes," and said it. She was happy. For weeks the girl fed on something which happened in that last half-hour. She could not have told what it was.

But when weeks and months had gone by, and the past seemed to Ulna more and more like a dream, there crept into her heart the tiniest doubt. Once entered, it flamed, crackled, and burned up her trust. The rebound, the reaction carried her very far beyond her original self. The sweep of her impulses was wilder, and restraints sat not at all upon her restless spirit. King came again. Life became a whirl of impulses. Her dark cavalier matched them more nearly than ever; and having lost the reign of her first love, the prudence which she had shown before him once could scarcely be hoped now.

"Perhaps I will marry him yet," she used to say to herself, and then would come floods of tears, and heart-burnings, and longings, and unrest, and positive distress.

To be met with fire and angered into uncontrollable will when she longed to be held by a hand that could say to her turbulent nature, "Peace, be still," would have driven her from King forever, but that the desperation thus engendered overwrought the legitimate effects, and bound her to him by galling, but very strong, chains.

He saw, or rather felt, the change, and counted the prize as won.

But when the chestnut burrs were cracking in the fingers of frost, and the squirrels were busy with the brown hoards, Mr. Rawle was with Ulna again.

"Why did you go away from me at all, Arthur?"

"My betrothed was alive then."

"Your *betrothed!*" springing.

"Yes."

Ulna laid her head on his shoulder again. She had seen something in those exhaustless eyes

"Are you satisfied, dear?"

"Yes."

"But I will tell you. My sister, the last of my family but myself, had been sick for years. She became weak, repining, helpless, exacting. I was her only living friend; and she had me promise—"

"What, Arthur?"

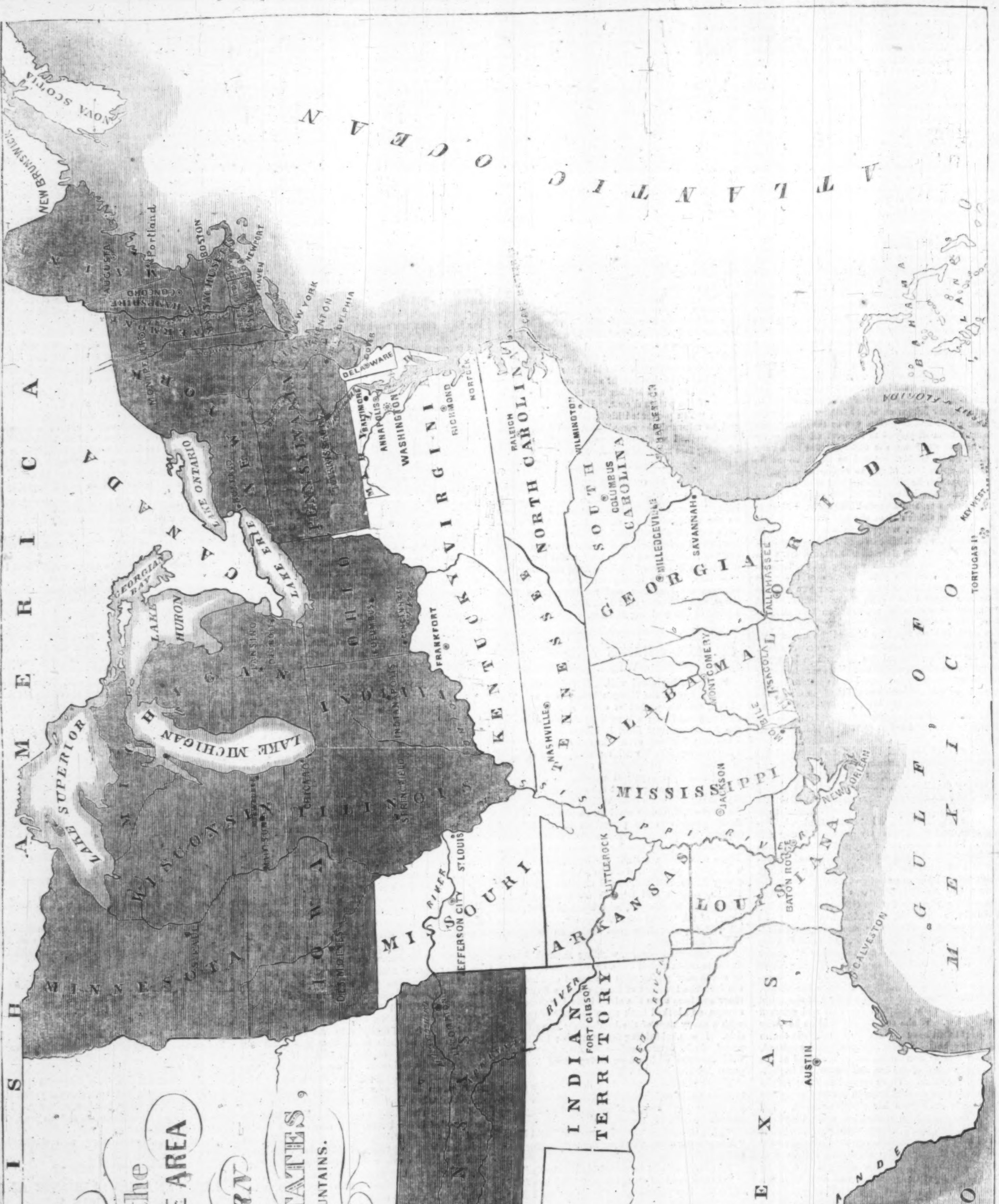
"That I would never marry while she lived."

LIEUTENANTS SLEMMER AND GILMAN, U.S.A.

ON page 125 the reader will find the portraits of Lieutenants Slemmer and Gilman, the officers who took charge of Fort Pickens when the Navy-yard at Pensacola was seized by the Florida troops.

Lieutenant SLEMMER, who still commands Fort Pickens, is a native of Pennsylvania, where he was born about 1828. He entered West Point in 1844, and graduated as second lieutenant of artillery in 1850. He was ordered to Florida, in which State and in California he served several years. After a short service on the Coast Survey, he was selected as a teacher in the West Point Academy, and remained four years in that institution. At the expiration of this period he assumed the command of Pensacola harbor, where he still remains. When the Florida troops seized the Pensacola Navy-yard, he followed the example of Major Anderson and seized Fort Pickens as the strongest work in the harbor. At latest dates he was still in possession, and said he could hold it. Lieutenant Slemmer enjoys the reputation of a cool, brave soldier, worthy of the important trust now committed to him.

Lieutenant GILMAN, the second in command at Fort Pickens, entered the service on 1st July, 1856, from Maine. He is Second Lieutenant of Artillery.


MAP
Showing the
COMPARITIVE AREA
of the
NORTHERN
AND
SOUTHERN STATES,
EAST OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.
1861.
BRITISH AMERICA
CANADA
ATLANTIC OCEAN
GULF OF MEXICO
MEXICO
TEXAS
INDIAN TERRITORY
KANSAS
MISSOURI
ARKANSAS
LOUISIANA
MISSISSIPPI
ALABAMA
GEORGIA
FLORIDA
SOUTH CAROLINA
NORTH CAROLINA
TENNESSEE
KENTUCKY
VIRGINIA
OHIO
INDIANA
ILLINOIS
IOWA
MINNESOTA
WISCONSIN
MICHIGAN
PENNSYLVANIA
NEW YORK
DELAWARE
LAKE SUPERIOR
LAKE MICHIGAN
LAKE HURON
LAKE ERIE
LAKE ONTARIO
GEORGIAN BAY
NOVA SCOTIA
NEW BRUNSWICK
BAHAMA ISLANDS
RIO GRANDE
RED RIVER
AUSTIN
GALVESTON
NEW ORLEANS
BATON ROUGE
LITTLE ROCK
FORT GIBSON
JACKSON
MONTGOMERY
TALLAHASSEE
SAVANNAH
MILLEDGEVILLE
COLUMBIA
WILMINGTON
RALEIGH
RICHMOND
NORFOLK
WASHINGTON
ANNAPOLIS
BALTIMORE
NASHVILLE
FRANKFORT
COLUMBUS
INDIANAPOLIS
SPRINGFIELD
CHICAGO
ST. LOUIS
JEFFERSON CITY
KEY WEST
TORTUGAS
BOSTON
NEWPORT
Portland
AUGUSTA
CONCORD

LIEUT. SLEMMER, U.S.A., COMMANDING FORT PICKENS.—[FROM A DAGUERREOTYPE.—[SEE PAGE 123.]

LIEUT. GILMAN, U.S.A., OF THE GARRISON AT FORT PICKENS.—FROM AN AMBROTYPE.—[SEE PAGE 123.]

DAVIS AND STEPHENS, PRESIDENT AND VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY.
[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

PRESIDENT DAVIS AND VICE-PRESIDENT STEPHENS.

THE accompanying portraits of Jefferson Davis and Alexander Stephens will introduce to our readers the newly-elected President and Vice-President of the new Southern Confederacy, organized at Montgomery, Alabama, on 4th February.

JEFFERSON DAVIS, the new President, was born in Kentucky about 1806, and is consequently about 54 years old. Having migrated to the Territory of Mississippi, with his father, when a boy, he owed to President Monroe the favor of being admitted at West Point, from which institution he graduated in 1828. He was lucky enough to be employed on active service at once, under Colonel (afterward President) Z. Taylor, and served throughout the Black Hawk War. His capture of the chief Black Hawk, and the friendship which sprang up between him and his prisoner, are among the most romantic episodes of the history of the war. In 1835, having married a daughter of General Taylor, he settled down on a cotton plantation in Mississippi, and acquired some wealth. In 1845 he was elected to Congress from that State; but at the outbreak of the Mexican War he resigned his seat in Congress, volunteered, raised a regiment in Mississippi, of which he was Colonel, and accompanied General Taylor in his campaign, distinguishing himself signally at Buena Vista. In 1848 he was chosen to the United States Senate. In 1851 he resigned his seat in the Senate to run for Governor of Mississippi, as the representative of the disunionist party, but was handsomely defeated by Mr. Foote, the Union candidate. In 1853 he entered the Cabinet of Mr. Pierce as Secretary of War, and held the office till the election of Mr. Buchanan. He then accepted the seat in the Senate which he filled till the State of Mississippi passed an ordinance of secession. He was recently chosen by the Montgomery Convention First President of the Southern Confederacy. Personally, Mr. Davis is a very gentlemanly man, with a soldierly bearing, and rather stern manners: as a speaker, he is fluent, clear, forcible, and sometimes eloquent.

ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS, of Georgia, the Vice-President of the new Southern Confederacy, was born in Georgia on 11th February, 1812, and is consequently forty-nine years of age. In his youth he was poor, and owed his education to the kindness of friends. In 1834 he took his position at the Georgia bar, and instantly gave proof of the talents which have since led him to be considered the "strongest man in the South." In 1843 he was elected to Congress as a Whig; but at the dissolution of the Whig party he acted with the democracy of the South, and soon became their leader in Congress. He remained in Congress till the election of 1858, when he refused to be a candidate any longer, and withdrew—as he supposed—from public life. Mr. Stephens is a remarkable example of what energy may do for a man. He has all his life been a martyr to disease, and has never weighed over ninety-six pounds. His voice is shrill, and at first quite unpleasant to the ear; but his eloquence is so sure and practical, and his judgment so reliable, that, wherever he is, he is sure to be a leader. He was a warm opponent of the secession movement in Georgia.

THE BLACK SPOT.

THERE was much mirth in Hong Kong. The ball at the club-rooms in Victoria Town eclipsed those which the governor and the chief justice, and the 117th in their white-washed mess-room, and the admiral on board his gayly lighted flag-ship, had given during the past fortnight.

Beyond comparison—the *belle* of the ball-room—was the beautiful Mrs. G——, a fair young wife, almost a bride, who had just come out from England with her husband, Captain G——, the junior captain of the Rifles. All the ensigns and middies, and half the lieutenants, naval and military, to say nothing of the par-boiled young gentlemen in mercantile houses, were fairly raving about the angelic stranger. The foolish boys devoured her with their eyes, and wrote sonnets to her eyebrows, for aught I know, and she never moved along the little parade at band-time without an overwhelming escort, but no one ever said that Geordie was not worthy of the good luck he had found, and the great prize he had drawn in the lottery matrimonial—he, the "best fellow" in the service. On this night Mrs. G—— was in the highest spirits, and waltzed, and flirted, well to all appearance, and was the very centre of attraction—the target of all eyes. Geordie, who knew her too well to be easily made jealous, was in very good spirits, too; so were most people. Mrs. G—— went through dance after dance, as the band played on with admirable taste and spirit, and still partners buzzed about her, and her little ivory memorandum-book was as filled with writing as a bank ledger.

When she entered the tea-room on one occasion, early in the evening, the old *comprador* Ching-Lung, who presided over the waiters, and was steward of the club, started as he looked keenly at the beautiful "Fankwi" lady. She passed by him, repressing, good-naturedly, a smile at his outlandish dress and figure. He stared after her with seeming rudeness or curiosity, and then gave a grunt, and wheeled off to his avocations. Several officers noticed this, but Ching was a character, and no one asked what he meant, or if he meant any thing. It was an hour or more before Mrs. G—— left the ball-room again. This time she entered the supper-room, leaning on her partner's arm. While the latter procured her some refreshment, the old Chinaman hovered near, looked sharply at the fair "barbarian," and then drew back with a muttered remark in his native tongue. Mrs. G—— never noticed him. Two minutes after, Ching-Lung was seen in close confabulation with the doctor of the Rifles, a sensible, experienced surgeon, who had been three years in Hong Kong, who had served on the medical staff in the old war, and who was regarded as the chief professional authority on the island. Dr. Rogers was a man who knew China well. He seemed much disturbed as Ching took him by the lappet of his coat, and whispered some communication. The two men's eyes ranged across the ball-room, in the door-way of which they stood a little apart, and fixed on Mrs. G——. The eyes of several loungers followed theirs by a common impulse. What did they see? Surely no terrible sight, but a young, happy, high-bred Englishwoman, radiant with beauty, health, and gayety, crowned with flowers, and sweeping through the ball-room like its queen. What was there in all this to make old Ching purse up his expressive Chinese mouth, and Dr. Rogers lift his eyebrows, and bite his lips, with a brow that knit with a spasm of involuntary anxiety? Smoothing his ruffled brow, the doctor stepped from his place, passed Mrs. G——, and looked full and steadily on her face. She looked surprised, and a little annoyed, but presently turned away smiling. She thought the doctor, no doubt, an odd, rude old gentleman. Very much compressed were the doctor's lips, and very often did the frown of care return to the doctor's brow, as he threaded his way through the crowd, most of whom had some slight or merry remark to bestow on so popular a character, until he reached the place where Captain G—— was talking to the Colonel's wife and two other ladies seated on an ottoman. The doctor drew Geordie aside; they were old friends; and begged as a particular favor that he would take his wife home, away from the ball, but without alarming her.

"Alarming her!" said Geordie, quite in the dark as to the other's meaning. "Why, what a Blue Beard you would make me turn out, doctor! She's engaged twelve deep, I'll be bound, and it wants an hour of supper-time, and *I* can't get her away. Besides, she's not tired. Why *should* she go, you know?"

To this Dr. Rogers merely answered that he begged as a favor that Captain G—— would take Mrs. G—— home. It must be done, and would be for the best. And being hard pressed for his reason, the doctor said Mrs. G—— was about to be ill. It was his duty to ask her husband to take her away from the crowded room.

Captain G—— laughed incredulously at first, but it was a hollow and forced laugh. It was plain that he did not believe in his own disbelief, and he knew the good old *Medico* too well to suspect him of jesting on such a point. His voice quivered a little as he asked for an explanation.

"Well, if you *will* have it," said Dr. Rogers, laying his hand on Geordie's arm, "there is something wrong with your wife. Old Ching noticed it first, and told me of it, and I have seen it myself, and I have seen such a thing but twice before, and both times in China. Pray Heaven that this may not end as it did in those two instances!"

"Speak out, man, you torture me!" said Captain G——, gasping for breath and very pale.

"It is a trifling matter, in appearance at least," replied Dr. Rogers, gravely and kindly; "it is a small black spot on your wife's face—on her left cheek—that is all, and—"

"And what is it? For the sake of all that's sacred, *what* is it?" asked G——, quite fiercely.

The doctor, noticing how quickly the group was increasing, drew his friend a few paces back, and whispered something in his ear.

The effect on Geordie was terrible. The brave strong man trembled visibly, and shook from head to foot, while his bronzed face became of an ashen paleness. Then, followed by the doctor, who vainly tried to keep pace with him, he hurried up to the place where his wife was wheeling in the mazes of the waltz. He strode recklessly in among the dancers; his wild haggard looks and brusque gestures caused some confusion and surprise. His wife saw him, and started, and with a word to her partner stood still. How beautiful she looked! flushed and excited with the dance, crowned with flowers, richly yet tastefully dressed; how, too, her fair fresh English bloom contrasted with the pallor of most of the other pretty women present; how her softly bright blue eyes rested with wonder on G—— with apprehension for *him*, lest he should be ill. Certainly, if one of those two were in mortal danger, any observer would have selected the husband as the one who bore the marks of it. But G—— was careless of that. All his soul was in his gaze, as he beheld in the centre of his wife's blooming cheek *a small black spot*, not much larger than the head of a large black pin, and quite circular. It did not disfigure her; only a keen eye could distinguish it; and, when seen, it resembles one of those "beauty patches" which the belles of the last century used to give an additional piquancy to their charms. Yes, there it was, the black spot the doctor had described. By a great effort G—— smoothed his features, and tried to smile, as he begged pardon of the company. He had interrupted them very rudely, he said—they had all left off dancing by this time—and he begged they would go on, and not mind him. The musicians had ceased playing; he waved his hand impatiently; they went on. His wife approached him, her partner beside her, a Naval Commander, who did not feel at all disposed to forego the rest of his dance with the queen of the ball. "Was he ill?" she asked, in an anxious whisper. "No, no," he was not ill: but he wished she would come away—come home with him directly. He would give no reason. His manner was irritable, harsh, unusual. The young wife looked at him with surprise; tears gathered in her blue eyes; but she was not without spirit, and she dashed them proudly away. She could not leave yet, she said; she was engaged for several dances. If there was no reason to be given for leaving so abruptly, she could not be so uncivil to her partners. And in a moment more the Commander whirled her off. G—— stood and bit his lips. She danced once, twice, thrice more. G—— stood moodily watching her, the doctor at his elbow. It was sad, agonizing to poor G——, to watch that glorious creature, and to know that she bore on her face the mark of—what? Even the doctor shrunk from telling G—— all he feared. Her momentary burst of hurt womanly pride was over; the sight of her husband's anxious face disturbed her; her gayety fled; the compliments of her partners were unheard; she begged to be excused; left the gentleman on whose arm she leaned, and came up to G—— with a sunny smile. "I will be good now, and come home."

The doctor whispered to G—— to introduce him. G—— hurriedly complied. His wife recognized the old gentleman who had stared so pertinaciously at her; his eyes observed her still. He whispered a word to the Captain. Geordie tried to be calm as he asked his wife if she—if she was aware that there was a small black spot, a mere speck, on her left cheek. She blushed and laughed. Yes, she saw it in the glass when dressing. She could not rub it away. She thought it would go of itself. It had annoyed her a little, because it looked so like one of those absurd patches, but she hoped nobody noticed it.

"Excuse me, madam," said Dr. Rogers; "it may be of more consequence than you are aware of. I am an old doctor, and may be allowed to ask questions. Does it give you any pain?"

"None—none at all."

The doctor looked graver still.

"There is a glass nearly opposite. Please to look, and see if it has not increased in size."

The lady, half frightened, complied. "Yes, it has indeed—it is four times as large as it was, almost as large as a pea—how tiresome!"

"One more question," said the doctor. "Have you any idea what brought it?"

"None," answered Mrs. G——. "George, love, I think I would rather go."

"Think again," pressed the doctor. "Has any reptile—any insect?"

"Yes, Dr. Rogers," answered the now fast paling beauty; "yes, but no! that could not be it, and I was silly to think twice of so trifling a thing as the bite of a fly."

"A fly! What sort of fly?" exclaimed the doctor.

"One of those black flies that were in the veranda, a tiresome buzzing thing: it stung me very sharply just there, on the left cheek where the spot is. I thought nothing of it when the pain went off. It was a long sort of fly, with a shining body and glistening greenish wings."

"The Bal-Tse! the Black Jupiter Fly! I know it. Ching know it," said a hoarse grumbling voice close behind.

It was the old *comprador*, half horror-struck, half vain of his sagacity! Hastily they drew her from the room, wrapped her shawl around her, and hurried her home. The music struck cheerily up, the dance went on, supper succeeded (a very sumptuous affair), and then followed more dances, but by degrees the mirth languished, and a sort of uncomfortable feeling of apprehension and gloom pervaded the guests. Strange whispers, muttered hints, went round; the very Chinese servants had an ominous look. By degrees almost every body became aware that some mischance had befallen the fair young Englishwoman whom they had just welcomed among them. Two or three officers went to seek the doctor in his quarters, late as it was, to learn the truth. The doctor was absent. He was at Captain G——'s bungalow, his servant said. He had sent for his portable medicine chest. Also the physician to the forces, and the marine surgeon, had been called up. The next morning, when most of the officers were at breakfast in the barrack mess-room, a subaltern entered hastily.

"Have you heard about poor Mrs. G——?"

"What? Dead!"

It was even so. She had been cut down in the very pride of her beauty, like some queenly flower. It was awfully sudden. It broke her husband's life and hope at a blow. He never was seen to smile after her loss; he shrunk away from his old friends; he left the Rifles, exchanging into a regiment that was serving in Upper India, and died of fever in the Terai.

Now, to clear up the seeming mystery of the *Black Spot*. There is a fly which, for the mischief it does, is known and feared throughout the East, and which is usually called the Baal-Fly, or Jupiter Fly. Its bite is generally most fatal to cattle. This fly is seldom very hurtful to the human race, except when it has lately been feeding on carrion, and thus communicates the morbid virus of decomposed animal matter to the veins of a living being. This occasionally happens even in Europe, and in the case of the common house-fly and the "buzz," or greenish carrion-fly. But this is rare, indeed, and only three or four cases of death ensuing from such bites are recorded within the last six or seven years on the continent of Europe. In the East, with a sun peculiarly adapted to the hastening of disease, the deaths from this insidiously administered poison are more frequent, and the poison itself is more virulent and rapid. It was in this manner that poor Mrs. G—— met her death. The *black spot*, unnoted at first by all eyes save her own, and neglected by herself, was the mark of incipient mortification, the centre of the gangrene that spread and spread, painlessly but inevitably, until what had been a scarce seen speck proved sufficient to cut short that fair young life. The doctor took blame to himself for not having insisted in defiance of ordinary rules, on the young lady's quitting the ball-room at once; but the hope that he might be mistaken, and a wish to spare G—— as much as possible, made him hesitate in speaking out. But it was the opinion of all the medical men on the island, that when the *comprador* first called the doctor's attention to the mark of death on the face of the doomed beauty, the mischief was beyond remedy.

A DAY'S RIDE:

A LIFE'S ROMANCE.

BY CHARLES LEVER.

AUTHOR OF "CHARLES O'MALLEY," "HARRY LORREQUER," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

I HAD no writing materials, but I had just composed a long letter to the *Times* on the outrageous treatment and false imprisonment of a British subject in Austria, when my door was opened by a thin, lank-jawed, fierce-eyed man, in uniform, who announced himself as the Rittmeister von Mahony, of the Keyser Hussars.

"A countryman—an Irishman," said I, eagerly, clasping his hand with warmth.

"That is to say, two generations back," replied he; "my grandfather Terence was a lieutenant in Trenck's Horse, but since that none of us have ever been out of Austria."

If these tidings fell coldly on my heart just beginning to glow with the ardor of home and country, I soon saw that it takes more than two generations to wash out the Irishman from a man's nature. The honest Rittmeister, with scarcely a word of English in his vocabulary, was as hearty a countryman as if he had never journeyed out of the land of Bog.

"He had heard 'all about it,'" he said, by way of arresting the eloquent indignation that filled me; and he added, "And the more fool myself to notice the matter." Asking me, quaintly, if I never had heard of our native maxim that says, "One man ought never to fall upon forty!" "Well," said he, with a sigh, "what's done can't be undone; and let us see what's to come next? I see you are a gentleman, and the worse luck yours."

"What do you mean by that?" asked I.

"Just this: you'll have to fight; and if you were a 'gemeiner' you'd get off."

I turned away to the window to wipe a tear out of my eye; it had come there without my knowing it, and, as I did so, I devoted myself to the death of a hero.

"Yes," said I, "*she* is in this incident—*she* has her part in this scene of my life's drama, and I will not disgrace her presence. I will die like a man of honor rather than that her name should be disparaged."

He went on to tell me of my opponent, who was brother to a reigning sovereign, and himself a royal highness—Prince Max of Swabia. "He was not," he added, "by any means a bad fellow, though not reputed to be perfectly sane on certain topics." However, as his eccentricities were very harmless ones, merely offshoots of an exaggerated personal vanity, it was supposed that some active service, and a little more intercourse with the world, would cure him. "Not," added he, "that one can say he has shown many signs of amendment up to this, for he never makes an excursion of half a dozen days from home without coming back filled with the resistless passion of some young queen or archduchess for him. As he forgets these as fast as he imagines them, there is usually nothing to lament on the subject. Now you are in possession of all that you need know about *him*. Tell me something of yourself; and first, have you served?"

"Never."

"Was your father a soldier, or your grandfather?"

"Neither."

"Have you any connections on the mother's side in the army?"

"I am not aware of one."

He gave a short, hasty cough, and walked the room twice with his hands clasped at his back, and then, coming straight in front of me, said, "And your name? What's your name?"

"Potts! Potts!" said I, with a firm energy.

"Potztausend!" cried he, with a grim laugh; "what a strange name!"

"I said Potts, Herr Rittmeister, and not Potztausend!" rejoined I, haughtily.

"And I heard you," said he; "it was involuntary on my part to add the termination. And who are the Pottses? Are they noble?"

"Nothing of the kind—respectable middle class folk; some in trade, some clerks in mercantile houses, some holding small government employments, one, perhaps the chief of the family, an eminent apothecary!"

As if I had uttered the most irresistible joke, at this word he held his hands over his face and shook with laughter.

"Heilige Joseph!" cried he, at last, "this is too good! The Prince Max going out with an apothecary's nephew, or, maybe, his son!"

"His son upon this occasion," said I, gravely.

He did not reply for some minutes; and then, leaning over the back of a chair, and regarding me very fixedly, he said,

"You have only to say who you are, and what your belongings, and nothing will come of this affair. In fact, what with your little knowledge of German, your imperfect comprehension of what the prince said, and your own station in life, I'll engage to arrange every thing and get you off clear!"

"In a word," said I, "I am to plead in formâ inferioris—isn't that it?"

"Just so," said he, puffing out a long cloud from his pipe.

"I'd rather die first!" cried I, with an energy that actually startled him.

"Well," said he, after a pause, "I think it's very probable that will come of it; but if it be your choice I have nothing to say."

"Go back, Herr Rittmeister," cried I, "and arrange the meeting for the very earliest moment."

I said this with a strong purpose, for I felt if the event were to come off at once I could behave well.

"As you are resolved on this course," said he, "do not make any such confidences to others as you have made to me; nothing about those Pottses in haberdashery and dry goods, but just simply you are the high and well-born Potts of Pottsheim. Not a word more."

I bowed an assent, but so anxious was he to impress this upon me that he went over it all once more.

"As it will be for me to receive the prince's message, the choice of weapons will be yours. What are you most expert with? I mean, after the pistol?" said he, grinning.

"I am about equally skilled in all. Rapier, pistol, or sabre are all alike to me."

"Der Teufel!" cried he; "I was not counting upon this; and as the sabre is the prince's weakest arm, we'll select it."

I bowed again, and more blandly.

"There is but one thing more," said he, turning about just as he was leaving the room. "Don't forget that in this case the gross provocation came from *you*, and therefore be satisfied with self-defense, or at most a mere flesh wound. Remember that the prince is a near connection of the royal family of England, and it would be irreparable ruin to you were he to fall by your hand." And with this he went out.

Now, had he gravely bound me over not to strangle the lions in the Tower, it could not have appeared more ridiculous to me than this injunction, and if there had been in my heart the smallest fund of humor, I could have laughed at it; but, Heaven knows, none of my impulses took a mirthful turn at that moment, and there never was invented the drollery that could wring a smile from me.

I was sitting in a sort of stupor—I know not how long—when the door opened, and the Rittmeister's head peered in.

"To-morrow morning at five!" cried he. "I will fetch you half an hour before." The door closed, and he was off.

It was now a few minutes past eight o'clock, and there were therefore something short of nine hours of life left to me. I have heard that Victor Hugo is an amiable and kindly disposed man, and I feel assured, if he ever could have known the tortures he should have inflicted, he would never have written the terrible record entitled Le Dernier Jour d'un Condamné. I conclude it was written as a sort of appeal against death punishments. I doubt much of its efficacy in altering legislation, while I feel assured that if ever it fall in the way of one whose hours are numbered, it must add indescribably to his misery.

When, how, or by whom my supper was served, I never knew. I can only remember that a very sleepy waiter roused me out of a half-drowsy reverie about midnight by asking if he were to remove the dishes, or let them remain till morning. I bade him leave them, and me also, and when the door was closed I sat down to my meal. It was cold and unappetizing. I would have deemed it unwholesome, too, but I remembered that the poor stomach it was destined for would never be called on to digest it, and that for once I might transgress without the fear of dyspepsia. My case was precisely that of the purseless traveler, who, we are told, can sing before the robber, just as if want ever suggested melody, or that being poor was a reason for song. So with me any excess was open to me just because it was impossible!

"Still," thought I, "great criminals—and surely I am not as bad as they—eat very heartily." And so I cut the tough fowl vigorously in two and placed half of it on my plate. I filled myself out a whole goblet of wine, and drank it off. I repeated this, and felt better. I fell to now with a will, and really made an excellent supper. There were some potted sardines that I secretly resolved to have for my breakfast, when the sudden thought flashed across me that I was never to breakfast any more. I verily believe that I tasted in that one instant a whole lifelong of agony and distress.

There was in my friendless, lone condition, my youth, the mild and gentle traits of my nature, and my guileless simplicity, just that combination of circumstances which would make my fate peculiarly pathetic, and I imagined my countrymen standing beside the grave-stone and muttering "Poor Potts!" till I felt my heart almost bursting with sorrow over myself.

"Cut off at three-and-twenty!" sobbed I; "in the very opening bud of his promise!"

"Misfortune is a pebble with many facets," says the Chinese adage, "and wise is he who turns it around till he find the smooth one."

"Is there such here?" thought I. "And where can it be?" With all my ingenuity I could not discover it, when at last there crossed my mind how the event would figure in the daily papers, and be handed down to remote posterity. I imagined the combat itself described in the language almost of a lion-hunt. "Potts, who had never till that moment had a sword in his hand—Potts, though at this time severely wounded, and bleeding profusely, nothing dismayed by the ferocious attack of his opponent—Potts maintained his guard with all the coolness of a consummate swordsman." How I wished my life might be spared just to let me write the narrative of the combat! I would like, besides, to show the world how generously I could treat an adversary, with what delicacy I could respect his motives, and how nobly deal even with his injustice.

"Was that two o'clock?" said I, starting up, while the humming sound of the gone bell filled the room. "Is it possible that but three hours now stand between me and—" I gave a shudder that made me feel as if I was standing in a fearful thorough draught, and actually looked up to see if the window were not open; but no, it was closed, the night calm, and the sky full of stars. "Oh!" exclaimed I, "if there are Pottses up among you yonder, I hope destiny may deal more kindly by them than down here. I trust that in those glorious regions a higher and purer intelligence prevails, and, above all things, that dueling is proclaimed the greatest of crimes." Remnant of barbarism! it is worse ten thousand times; it is the whole suit, costume, and investure of an uncivilized age. "Poor Potts!" said I; "you went out upon your life-voyage with very generous intentions toward posterity. I wonder how it will treat *you?* Will it vindicate your memory, uphold your fame, and dignify your motives? Will it be said in history, 'Among the memorable events of the period was the duel between the Prince Max of Swabia and an Irish gentleman named Potts? To understand fully the circumstance of this remarkable conflict, it is necessary to premise that Potts was not what is vulgarly called constitutionally brave; but he was more. He was—' Ah! there was the puzzle. How was that miserable biographer ever to arrive at the secret of an organization fine and subtle as mine? If I could but leave it on record—if I could but transmit to the ages that will come after me the invaluable key to the mystery of my being—a few days would suffice—a week, certainly, would do it—and why should I not have time given me for this? I will certainly propose this to the Rittmeister when he comes. There can be little doubt but he will see the matter with my own eyes."

As if I had summoned him by enchantment, there he stood at the door, wrapped in his great white cavalry cloak, and looking gigantic and ominous together.

"There is no carriage-road," said he, "to the place we are going, and I have come thus early that we may stroll along leisurely, and enjoy the fresh air of the morning."

Until that moment I had never believed how heartless human nature could be! To talk of enjoyment, to recall the world and its pleasures, in any way, to one situated like I, was a cold and scarcely credible cruelty; but the words did me good service—they armed me with a sardonic contempt for life and mankind—and so I protested that I was charmed with the project, and out we set.

My companion was not talkative, he was a quiet, almost depressed man, who had led a very monotonous existence, with little society among his comrades; so that he did not offer me the occasion I sought for of saying saucy and sneering things of the world at large. Indeed, the first observation he made was that we were in a locality that ought to be interesting to Irishmen, since an ancient shrine of St. Patrick marked the spot of the convent to which we were approaching. No remark could have been more ill-timed; to look back into the past, one ought to have some vista of the future. Who can sympathize with by-gones when he is counting the minutes that are to make him one of them?

What a bore that old Rittmeister was with his antiquities, and how I hated him as he said, "If your time was not so limited, I'd have taken you over to St. Gallen to inspect the manuscripts." I felt choking as he uttered these words. How was my time so limited? I did not dare to ask. Was he barbarous enough to mean that if I had another day to live I could have passed it pleasantly in turning over musty missals in a monastery?

At last we came to a halt in a little grove of pines, and he said, "Have you any address to give me of friends or relatives, or have you any peculiar directions on any subject?"

"You made a remark last night, Herr Rittmeister," said I, "which did not at the moment produce the profound impression upon me that subsequent reflection has enforced. You said that if his royal highness were fully aware that his antagonist was the son of a practicing chemist and apothecary—"

"That I could have put off this event; true enough, but when you refused that alternative, and insisted on satisfaction, I myself, as your countryman, gave the guarantee for your rank, which nothing will now make me retract. Understand me well—nothing will make me retract."

"You are pleased to be precipitate," said I, with an attempt to sneer; "my remark had but one object, and that was my personal disinclination to obtain a meeting under a false pretext."

"Make your mind easy on that score. It will be all precisely the same in about an hour hence."

I nearly fainted as I heard this, it seemed as though a cold stream of water ran through my spine and paralyzed the very marrow inside.

"You have your choice of weapons," said he, curtly; "which are you best at?"

I was going to say the "javelin," but I was ashamed, and yet should a man sacrifice life for a false modesty; while I reasoned thus, he pointed to a group of officers close to the garden wall of the convent, and said,

"They are all waiting yonder, let us hasten on."

If I had been mortally wounded, and was dragging my feeble limbs along to rest them forever on some particular spot, I might have, probably, effected my progress as easily as I now did. The slightest inequality of ground tripped me, and I stumbled at every step.

"You are cold," said my companion, "and probably unused to early rising; taste this."

He gave me his brandy flask, and I finished it off at a draught. Blessings be on the man who invented alcohol! all the ethics that ever were written can not work the same miracle in a man's nature as a glass of whisky. Talk of all the wonders of chemistry, and what are they to the simple fact that two-pennyworth of cognac can convert a coward into a hero?

I was not quite sure that my antagonist had not resorted to a similar sort of aid, for he seemed as light-hearted and as jolly as though he was out for a picnic. There was a jauntiness, too, in the way he took out his cigar and scraped his lucifer match on a beech-tree that quite struck me, and I should like to have imitated it if I could.

"If it's the same to you take the sabre, it's his weakest weapon," whispered the Rittmeister in my ear, and I agreed. And now there was a sort of commotion about the choice of the ground and the places, in which my friend seemed to stand by me most manfully. Then there followed a general measurement of swords, and a fierce comparison of weapons. I don't know how many were not thrust into my hand, one saying, "Take this, it is well balanced in the wrist, or if you like a heavy guard, here's your arm!"

"To *me*, it is a matter of perfect indifference," said I, jauntily. "All weapons are alike."

"He will attack fiercely, and the moment the word is given," whispered the Rittmeister, "so be on your guard; keep your hilt full before you, or he'll slice off your nose before you are aware of it."

"Be not so sure of that till you have seen my sword play," said I, fiercely; and my heart swelled with a fierce sentiment that must have been courage, for I never remember to have felt the like before. I know I was brave at that moment, for if, by one word, I could have averted the combat, I would not have uttered it.

"To your places," cried the umpire, "and on your guard! Are you ready?"

"Ready," re-echoed I, wildly, while I gave a mad flourish of my weapon round my head that threw the whole company into a roar of laughter; and, at the same instant, two figures, screaming fearfully, rushed from the beech copse, and, bursting their way through the crowd, fell upon me with the most frantic embraces, amidst the louder laughter of the others. Oh shame and ineffable disgrace! Oh misery never to be forgotten! It was Väterchen who now grasped my knees, and Tintenfleck who clung round my neck and kissed me repeatedly. From the time of the Laocoon no one ever struggled to free himself as I did, but all in vain—my efforts, impeded by the sword, lest I might unwillingly wound them, were all fruitless, and we rolled upon the ground inextricably commingled and struggling.

"Was I right?" cried the prince. "Was I right in calling this fellow a saltimbanque? See him now with his comrades around him, and say if I was mistaken."

"How is this?" whispered the Rittmeister. "Have you dared to deceive *me?*"

"I have deceived no one," said I, trying to rise, and I poured forth a torrent of not very coherent eloquence, as the mirth of my audience seemed to imply; but, fortunately, Väterchen had now obtained a hearing, and was detailing in very fluent language the nature of the relations between us. Poor old fellow, in his boundless gratitude I seemed more than human; and his praises actually shamed me to hear them. How I had first met them he recounted in the strain of one assisted by the gods in classic times; his description made me a sort of Jove coming down a rosy cloud to succor suffering humanity; and then came in Tintenfleck with her broken words, marvelously aided by "action," as she poured forth the heap of gold upon the grass and said it was all mine!

Wonderful metal, to be sure, for enforcing conviction on the mind of man: there is a sincerity about it far more impressive than any vocal persuasion. The very clink of it implies that the real and the positive are in question, not the imaginary and the delusive. "This is all his!" cried she, pointing to the treasure with the air of one showing Aladdin's cave, and though her speech was not very intelligible Väterchen's "vulgate" ran underneath and explained the text.

"I hope you will forgive me. I trust you will be satisfied with my apologies, made thus openly," said the prince, in the most courteous of manners. "One who can behave with such magnanimity can scarcely be wanting in another species of generosity." And ere I could well reply, I found myself shaking hands with every one, and every one with me; nor was the least pleasurable part of this recognition the satisfaction displayed by the Rittmeister at the good issue of this event. I had great difficulty in resisting their resolution to carry me back with them to Bregenz. Innumerable were the plans and projects devised for my entertainment. Field sports, sham-fights, rifle-shooting, all were displayed attractively before me; and it was clear that, if I accepted their invitations, I should be treated like the most favored guest. But I was firm in my refusal; and, pleading a pretended necessity to be at a particular place by a particular day, I started once more, taking the road with the "vagabonds," who now seemed bound to me by an indissoluble bond; at least so Väterchen assured me by the most emphatic of declarations, and that, do with him what I might, he was my slave till death.

"Who is ever completely happy?" says the sage; and with too good reason is the doubt expressed. Here, one might suppose, was a situation abounding with the most pleasurable incidents. To have escaped a duel, and come out with honor and credit from the issue; to have refound not only my missing money, but to have my suspicions relieved as to those whose honest name was dear to me, and whose discredit would have darkened many a bright hope of life—these were no small successes; and yet—I shame to own it—my delight in them was dashed by an incident so small and insignificant that I have scarce courage to recall it. Here it is, however. While I was taking a kindly farewell of my military friends, hand-shaking and protesting interminable friendships, I saw, or thought I saw, the prince, with even a more affectionate warmth, making his adieus to Tintenfleck! If he had not his arm actually round her waist, there was certainly a white leather cavalry glove curiously attached to her side, and one of her cheeks was deeper colored than the other, and her bearing and manner seemed confused, so that she answered, when spoken to, at cross purposes.

"How did you come by this brooch, Tintenfleck? I never saw it before."

"Oh, is it not pretty? It is a violet; and these leaves, though green, are all gold."

"Answer me, girl! who gave it thee?" said I, in the voice of Othello.

"Must I tell?" murmured she, sorrowfully.

"On the spot—confess it!"

"It was one who bade me keep it till he should bring me a prettier one."

"I do not care for what he said, or what you promised. I want his name."

"And that I was never to forget him till then—never."

"Do you say this to irritate and offend me, or do you prevaricate out of shame?" said I, angrily.

"Shame!" repeated she, haughtily.

"Ay, shame or fear."

"Or fear! Fear of what, or of whom?"

"You are very daring to ask me. And now, for the last time, Tintenfleck—for the last time, I say, who gave you this?"

As I said these words we had just reached the borders of a little rivulet, over which we were to cross by stepping-stones. Väterchen was, as usual, some distance behind, and now calling to us to wait for him. She turned at his cry, and answered him, but made no reply to me.

This continued defiance of me overcame my temper altogether, sorely pushed as it was by a stupid jealousy, and seizing her wrist with a strong grasp, I said, in a slow, measured tone, "I insist upon your answer to my question or—"

"Or what?"

"That we part here, and forever."

"With all my heart. Only remember one thing," said she, in a low, whispering voice: "you left me once before—you quitted me, in a moment of temper, just as you threaten it now. Go, if you will, or if you must; but let this be our last meeting and last parting."

"It is as such I mean it—good-by!" I sprang on the stepping-stone as I spoke, and at the same instant a glittering object splashed into the stream close to me. I saw it, just as one might see the lustre of a trout's back as it rose to a fly. I don't know what demon sat where my heart ought to have been, but I pressed my hat over my eyes, and went on without turning my head.

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